JOHN BULL, JANUARY 11, 1936

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIX.
1548.

£4-4-0 NEW YEAR PRESENTATION FOR EVERY READER SEE CENTRE PAGES

JOHN BULL

TREACHEROUS WEATHER!

Take care of yourself—take BOVRIL

Don't wait until you've caught a cold or chill and *then* say "If only I had taken Bovril!" Start building up your defensive forces now; start taking Bovril to-day.

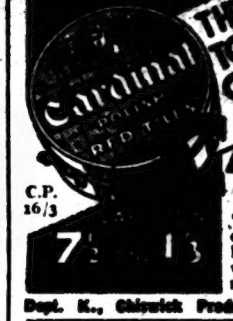
For nearly 50 years millions of men and women have found in Bovril their best protection against colds, chills and other winter infections.

The reason is simple: Bovril puts the nutrition of the body on a higher plane—and the power of resistance to infection directly depends on nutrition. People are already coughing and sneezing all round you—in buses and trams, in factories and offices. It is better to look ahead and take Bovril than to look back and wish you had.

It must be BOVRIL

Take it DAILY

RESTORE



THE COLOUR TO RED TILES, RED COMPOSITION FLOORS AND CONCRETE STEPS with CARDINAL POLISH

'Cardinal' the easy to use economical polish, gives a beautiful rich red tone which will not rub off. Made by makers of Mansion Polish.

Dept. K., Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

Put it in a THORNS PORTABLE BUILDING

Thousands in use—a necessity in your garden. Made in accurately fitting sections of planed timber, with "Strongest" steel bound corners, ornamental gables, roofing felt. A novice can erect! Delivered on first payment and on fullest approval. Cash on delivery if desired. Note the low prices and deposits. Send to-day for FREE Catalogue No. 46.M.

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Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	Deposit.	Bndg.
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	42/-	3/6	3/11
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	59/-	3/9	5/1
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	61/-	4/-	5/6
9ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	72/6	4/6	6/6
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	89/-	4/9	8/-
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	108/-	5/-	9/10

Garages 55/6. Greenhouses 55/-.

Pent Roof Sheds 23/-

Beach Huts, Garden Shelters, Bungalows, etc. CATALOGUE No. 46 M. FREE.

WIDE FREE LORRY DELIVERY or Carr. Paid in England & Wales

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Telephone: Bexleyheath 305.

WONDERFUL NEW PIANO ACCORDION

THE PERFECT INSTRUMENT FOR HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

The New ESTRELLA PIANO ACCORDION is a distinct advance on previous models. Model 2025/12/2. 25 Piano keys, 12 Bass, 2 Voice. Reeds on separate plates. A superbly constructed instrument with delightfully rich tones. High-grade finish. Cash Price £6 6 0, or delivered on 1st payment of 8/-, balance, 11 monthly payments of 8/-. Carrying case and tutor free. Carriage paid. Prompt deliveries. Write for list of other models.

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BABY CLOTHES

30/-

EXPECTANT MOTHERS! Be PREPARED—DON'T DELAY—SEND NOW FOR THIS NEWEST HOME-MADE LAYETTE.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long Clothes. 78 DELIGHTFUL GARMENTS (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Knit Robes, Lawn or Wincey Bag Gowns, Cloth, Plain or Wincey Nighties, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkin Squares, Coveralls, etc.

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FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bnl. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. E. HOWARD, 68, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

A 1936 Purchaser writes:—"The layette received is wonderful. I cannot express my delight, words fail me. My husband was surprised, he certainly did not expect such good value."

A TINY INSTRUMENT BUT A GREAT DEAF!

OUR 30-DAY TRIAL will convince you that the VIBRA-PHONE is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of Deafness. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible. No batteries or wires, or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write, 'phone or call for BOOKLET and all details.

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'Phone: Regent 5630.

HAWAIIAN UKULELE BANJO

FREE UKULELE BANJO TUTOR with every order!

5/-

DRASTIC PRICE REDUCTION

These beautiful instruments are genuine £1/- value and are offered to the public at ridiculous price of 5/- as result of disposal of a huge purchase: therefore this offer cannot be repeated. In highly polished Satin Walnut finish with brass fretted finger-board, first quality vellum. Attractively toned tone. Exactly as illustrated. Fittings, has hour or so only required for a novice to master it with the FREE TUTOR. Send P.O. 5/- to-day to avoid disappointment.

POST 9d.

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WEAR THE 'H.A.S-BRACE'

Compare that Stoop! Be Young and Healthy! NEVER AN AWKWARD GRACEFUL FIGURE. CREATE BETTER! FEEL BETTER! LOOK BETTER! HARRISON'S ADJUSTABLE SHOULDER-BRACE Keeps Your Chest Expanded, Head Up And Shoulders Square. Your Fitting Size Undetectable.

2/6 Adjustable Fitting Size Chart Measurement Form Free. Art. Bkt. A. E. HARRISON, 6, Highfield Rd., Torquay, Devon, Yorks.

A GUINEA DYNAMO LIGHTING SET FREE

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CYCLES from 57/6 CASH or TERMS

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A BEAUTIFUL MINIATURE WITH EVERY

LIFE SIZE ENLARGEMENT

We are presenting absolutely FREE, a beautiful miniature with every order for an enlargement. By using the coupon below, which is only valid for a limited period, you can have an enlargement 15 in. x 12 in., usually priced at 1/9, for 1/- plus 9d. for packing and postage. (Overseas orders 2/-.) FAITHFUL REPRODUCTION from any Photograph Guaranteed. It will delight you. Send us the photo of any relative or friend, or any dear one you may have lost, or holiday snapshots, pet animals, landscapes, groups, etc., together with P.O. 1/3 for each photo and the 6d. coupon below, and we will send post free in about 14 days a lovely life-size 15 in. x 12 in. Enlargement that will not fade, also the beautiful free miniature. We will return your money if you are not satisfied. We have been established 23 years and have thousands of testimonials. Write your name and address on the back of all photos to ensure safe return.

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I enclose photograph(s) and Postal Order (1/3 for each photo). Please supply 15 in. x 12 in. enlargement, also Free Miniature and particulars of colouring miniature free in FULL NATURAL COLOURS!

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You may use this Coupon for more than one photo if desired—send 1/3 for each enlargement.

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Many new T.U.B. Features. Send at once for our FREE Catalogue No. 15 of high-class Garages and Garden Sheds. Hundreds of Sizes and Designs. Prompt Free Delivery or Carriage Paid England and Wales.

STEEL BRACED CORNERS

STEEL TIED ROOFS

MORTISED AND TENONED JOINTS

SPECIAL SALE PRICE WEATHERBOARD GARAGES

Lth.	Wdth.	Ht.	Cash	Dep.	12 pyts.
10	7	6	£5/-/-	£1-	9/3
12	8	6	£5/17/6	£1-	10/-
14	8	6	£6/17/6	£1-	12/6

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FREE Samples and Rug Guide. Write at once and avoid disappointment.

Sports oddments 1½ oz., Floss 1½d., Crochet 1½d., Silky Knop 2d., Brilart 2d., Super Fing., Silky, etc., 2½d., Vest 3½d., Angora 3d. ball. Ivory Art Silk 8d. hank, etc. Wool Blankets 4/- each.

Silk, 6 ply Rug 2d. lb., Cols. from 10½d., Silky Cable 1/6½d., Best Eastern 2/9, Thrums 6½d., Chenille 8½d., etc. Canvas 2d. yd., Designs 3½d. ea.

NEWCASTLE WOOL CO. LTD., (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

No connection with any other firm.

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SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

NOTE DOUBLE BED SIZE BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE.

1 100% Art Silk Taffeta Wadded Down Quilt (full size)
2 Sheets, strong quality 80×70
2 Wh. to Woolly Blankets 80×70
2 Buttoned Pillow Cases 30×18
1 Buttoned Bolster Case 55×20
2 Coloured Turkish Towels
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1 Jacqe Bedspread 90×70

CARR. FREE 20/- N.C.O.D. 1/- extra

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Cut into lengths ready for use (or in hanks), Cable and 6-fold, 188 shades. Send postcard for magnificent FREE RUG BOOK containing 112 Coloured Rug Designs, samples of Rug Wools, etc., etc.

Black from 1/- PER LB

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A FREE BOOK That shows how YOU can MAKE MONEY

HOW TO MAKE £ POUNDS notes PRINT

WRITE FOR IT AT ONCE! NO OBLIGATION.

New ADANA High-Speed 1936 Automatic Printing Machine constructed on sound engineering lines, with Standard Printers' Type and all Accessories also Fully Illustrated Instruction Book, ready to start making money easily right away for a VERY SMALL OUTLAY

EASY TERMS

Thousands have built big businesses with an Adana. A postcard will bring illustrated particulars, samples of work also this New Wonderful Book.

D. A. ADANA, (J78) 17/18 Church St. Twickenham

London Depot—Ludgate House, Fleet St., E.C.4

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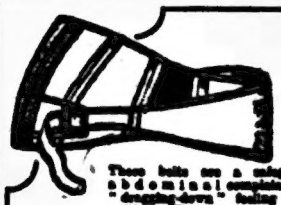

SIZES: 20 ins. to 24 ins. 10/- 28 ins. to 40 ins. 12/6 Postage 4d.

These belts are a safeguard against all abdominal complaints. Prevents that "dragging-down" feeling and has a good uplift. Every man or woman who has had an abdominal operation should wear one of these belts. They are so comfortable, simple to fasten, have leather-protected supports and elastic sides. For other styles and outsizes write for price list and measurement form free.

A Customer writes:—"Belt has given me great relief and I feel better in every way."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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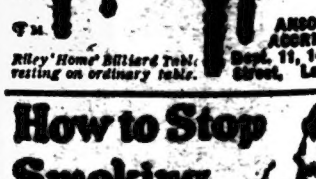
ONLY 8/- DOWN

WILL BRING YOU A RILEY BILLIARD TABLE ON 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

WRITE FOR FREE ART LIST.

Perfect entertainment for all the family. 8/- DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley Home Billiard Table, Carriage Paid, on 7 days' free trial. Pay balance as you play. Write for art list of Riley's Home Billiard Tables and Riley's Combine Billiard and Dining Tables.



Riley's Home Billiard Table resting on ordinary table.

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AMAZING SALE OFFER!

1000 PAIRS ONLY Ladies' High-Class FASHION WELLINGTONS

Usually nearly double this price. 4/6 Postage 9d.

WELL-KNOWN BRITISH MANUFACTURE

EVERY PR. PERFECT Finest quality High-Grade Cuban Heel Wellingtons. Every pair guaranteed perfect. In Brown only. Sizes 3 to 7.

UNREPEATABLE OFFER!

POST YOUR ORDER AT ONCE to Dept. J2

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DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Oprics, Prams, etc. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value. Sent carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied Free. (Floor extra.)

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
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7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	2 12 0 5/-
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12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	4 15 0 9/10

Send for Free CATALOGUE, Sheds, Sports Pavilions, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Coal Bunkers, Aviaries, etc. All Carriage Paid.

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GUARANTEED NEVER TO WEAR OUT!

GENUINE "POLICE" BLUE MELTONS

They won't wear, hole or fray! Frankly we do not guarantee everlasting wear, but we do claim that these heavyweight 'Police' BLUE MELTONS are the world's finest value for working and needing a garment for real hard wear. Guaranteed brand new. Smart, gentlemanly cut, side pockets, strong linings, reinforced taped back seam to prevent splitting. Double set of brass buttons. Perfectly finished and honestly worth a guinea. Send 6/- (nothing more to pay), stating waist and inside leg measurements.

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How to Stop Smoking

Ever thought how much you spend on tobacco and cigarettes, and how much you would save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have made the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what this would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be free with Tobacco, and write to-day for Booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Dept. B.13), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

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Best Quality Portable Buildings
ENTERTAINMENT HALLS from £28
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PAVILIONS ..... from £30
GARAGES ..... from 97/6
Cash or Easy Terms. LIST POST FREE

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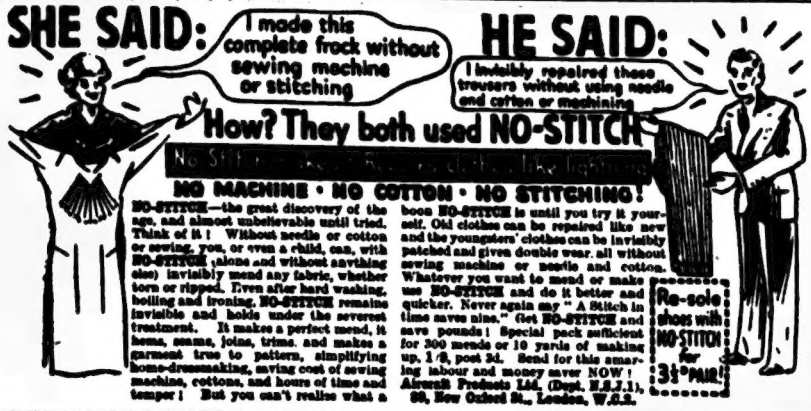
SHE SAID: "I made this complete frock without sewing machine or stitching" — HE SAID: "I invisibly repaired these trousers without using needle and cotton or machining"



How? They both used NO-STITCH

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NO-STITCH—the great discovery of the age, and almost unbelievable until tried. Think of it! Without needle or cotton or sewing, you, or even a child, can, with NO-STITCH, alone and without anything else) invisibly mend any fabric, whether torn or ripped. Even after hard washing, boiling and ironing, NO-STITCH remains invisible and holds under the severest treatment. It makes a perfect mend, it hems, seams, joins, trims, and makes a garment true to pattern, simplifying home-dressmaking, saving cost of sewing machine, cottons, and hours of time and temper! But you can't realise what a boon NO-STITCH is until you try it yourself. Old clothes can be repaired like new and the youngsters' clothes can be invisibly patched and given double wear, all without sewing machine or needle and cotton. Whatever you want to mend or make use NO-STITCH and do it better and quicker. Never again say "A Stitch in time saves nine." Get NO-STITCH and save pounds! Special pack sufficient for 300 mends or 10 yards of making up, 1/6, post 3d. Send for this amazing labour and money saver NOW! Aircraft Products Ltd. (Dept. H.B.11), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

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GOVT. SURPLUS REAL SHEEPSKIN MITT GLOVES. LINED REAL TRUE SHEEP-SKIN. LENGTH 12 ins. cost 9/6 to make. Ladies or gents. 3/11, post 4d., or 2 pairs 6/1.

Free 2/6 gift coupon with every order. Send P.O. now or send C.O.D. Money Back guarantee.

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Special Offer 900 Pairs
MEN'S High-Grade RUBBER KNEE BOOTS

WORTH DOUBLE **7/6** POSTAGE 1/-

Made of fine quality rubber. Reinforced for strength at all vital parts. Every pair has thick canvas lining and is Made in Britain. Sizes 6 to 11.

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BY ALL THE MOST FAMOUS MAKERS

From **1/3** WEEKLY

HOHNER, PANCOTTI, SONELLI, CRUGNANELLI, SOPRANI, ETC., ETC.
USED AND RECOMMENDED BY BAND LEADERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Here we offer a very wonderful Bargain. £5.5.0 MODEL FOR 48/6.

Real Piano Accordions at specially reduced prices. Piano-finished cabinet tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap. 21 piano keys, 8 basses. Send 3/- only first instalment. Balance 5/- monthly until 52/- is paid; or Cash 48/6 only. Other cheaper model accordions from 38/6. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 25 keys, 12 bass; 25 keys, 24 bass; 34 keys, 48 bass; 41 keys, 120 bass; etc., on equally attractive terms. **The remarkable Low Terms for Monthly Payments ensure the immediate popularity of these fine instruments.** Write for fully illustrated brochure of Piano Accordions post free.

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REDUCED TO 1/9 POST 3D DURING SALE — PIANO-ACCORDION TONE HARMONICA

NOTE THIS UNIQUE AMPLIFYING SOUND CHAMBER

You'll be thrilled with the gorgeous piano-accordion effects produced by this Super Harmonica with its distinctive Harp-shaped amplifying Sound Chamber—twice the tonal quality and volume of ordinary mouth organ. Its harmonious chords and rich, powerful bass and treble notes will give your friends endless pleasure. Surprisingly simple. You easily learn to play popular tunes in one hour. Made by the makers of the world's finest Piano-Accordions. Brass reeds. Highly polished tonal chamber with nickel-plated fittings. Originally 2/9. 14 DAYS' SALE PRICE 1/9, post 3d.

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YOURS for 3d DEPOSIT

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Introducing the new Aircraft Cadet Shockproof Watch. A handsome and reliable watch which is going to become a firm favourite. Swiss Lever movement in handsome chrome case with plain silvered dial. Milanese bracelet of stainless chromium-plated woven material. Fully tested for accuracy. 10 years' warranty. Send for 3d. deposit and 3d. part post (6d. P.O. in all, no stamps) and 1/6 fortnightly until 27/6 is paid in all. Cash price 16/-. Ladies' dainty model, same price and terms. Also superior Model Watch, unbreakable glass, cannot be overwound, 22/6 same terms.

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Associated Warehouses—J. D. Williams & Co., Ltd., of Manchester.
Established 1875. British to the backbone—60 years' reputation for honourable dealings and sending over 3,000,000 parcels and packets annually.
Directors:
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WOULD YOU TRY TO GET YOUR LEG INTO A DRAINPIPE?

Why be uncomfortable in old-fashioned narrow bottom trousers. Send for a pair of our famous **REGI-OXFORD** 19, 20, 21, 22, 23 and 24 bottom.

FLANNELS
Waist 26 to 46. Leg 28 to 36. Silver, Med. or Dark Grey. Well cut and made from tested Flannel, with belt loops, side straps, front cash pocket, usual side pockets and buttons inside: permanent turn-ups. Please state waist, inside leg and if C.O.D. width bottom required. **5/-** Post 6d. 2 pairs 10/6 post pd.

ONLY TO PURCHASERS OF FLANNEL TROUSERS.—St. Margaret's Woollen Slipover in Blue, Maroon, Grey, White ... **1/6**

THE FLANNEL KING (Dept. J.1), Mail Order Dept., 130-136, Heath Rd., TWICKENHAM, also 10, Canada Park Parade, Edgware, & 146, High St., Staines

FINAL CLEARANCE

Of last 1,100 Pairs of Our SOUTH AFRICAN FIELD BOOTS AT AMAZING REDUCTION

Splendid quality Black Box uppers; solid leather double Waterproof soles; leather lining throughout; double tongue. Will stand up to the hardest wear. Sizes 6-11.

8/6 POSTAGE 1/-
Worth double.

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L.	W.	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	4	£7/6	2/6	4/6
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15	8	£40/-	8/-	13/-

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250 MILE FREE LORRY DELIVERY

Write now for free Cat. S.B. (Sheds etc.) G.H. (Greenhouses)

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L.	W	Cash.	Down.	12 Pts.
6	6	£11/-	3/6	5/6
10	7	£20/6	4/6	8/6
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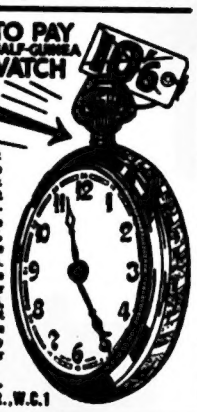
NOTHING TO PAY FOR THIS HALF-GUINEA WATCH FREE



1/6

There is no "catch" in it. This watch is an Aircraft Shockproof Lever Watch in Chrome case. Warranted 3 years, and sent complete with silver-plated pocket chain. Our reputation will convince you that this is a genuine offer. It popularise our 100% perfect "Double-Life" 3-hole type double-edged razor blades. All you have to do is to buy three packets containing 15 blades per packet, 45 blades in all, for 5/6, including postage. If there are not equal to any 6d. blade—keep the watch, return the blades and money will be refunded. Send P.O. for 5/6 now to

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Such amazing value only possible by supplying direct to public. You will marvel at the difference in tone to your set. Note these money-saving prices:—2-VOLT BATTERY TYPE, H.2, H.L.2, L.P.2, 1/9 each. Super Power P.2, 2/6 each. Screens and Pentodes 3/9 each. A.C. MAINS, 4-VOLT, 1 AMP. General Purpose 2/6 each. Power 4/- each. Screen and Pentodes 4/6 each. FULL WAVE RECTIFIERS 3/6 each. All valves critically tested before despatch and sent Post free. Cash with order or C.O.D. over 10/-. Send NOW

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ABOUT YOUR HAIR!

TRY THIS INTRIGUING EXPERIMENT

Take one of your own hairs; draw it sharply between your finger and thumb. Note, when released, it "recoils" and curls—naturally. This is the scientific "hair recoil" principle by which the Denman "BRUSCOMB" cultivates NATURAL looking waves. In plain or mottled rose, blue, green, black. Pure bristle. Thousands of satisfied users the world over.

DENMAN BRUSCOMB

3/- post free. De luxe model 6/6. New Denman Curl Comb 1/3 post free.

Ask your chemist or write direct to: **DENMAN PRODUCTS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.) 160, Regent Street, London, W.1.**

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(2) Illustrated Advertising Leaflets with Agent's name and address.

No experience necessary. We supply quality teas that command regular repeat orders.
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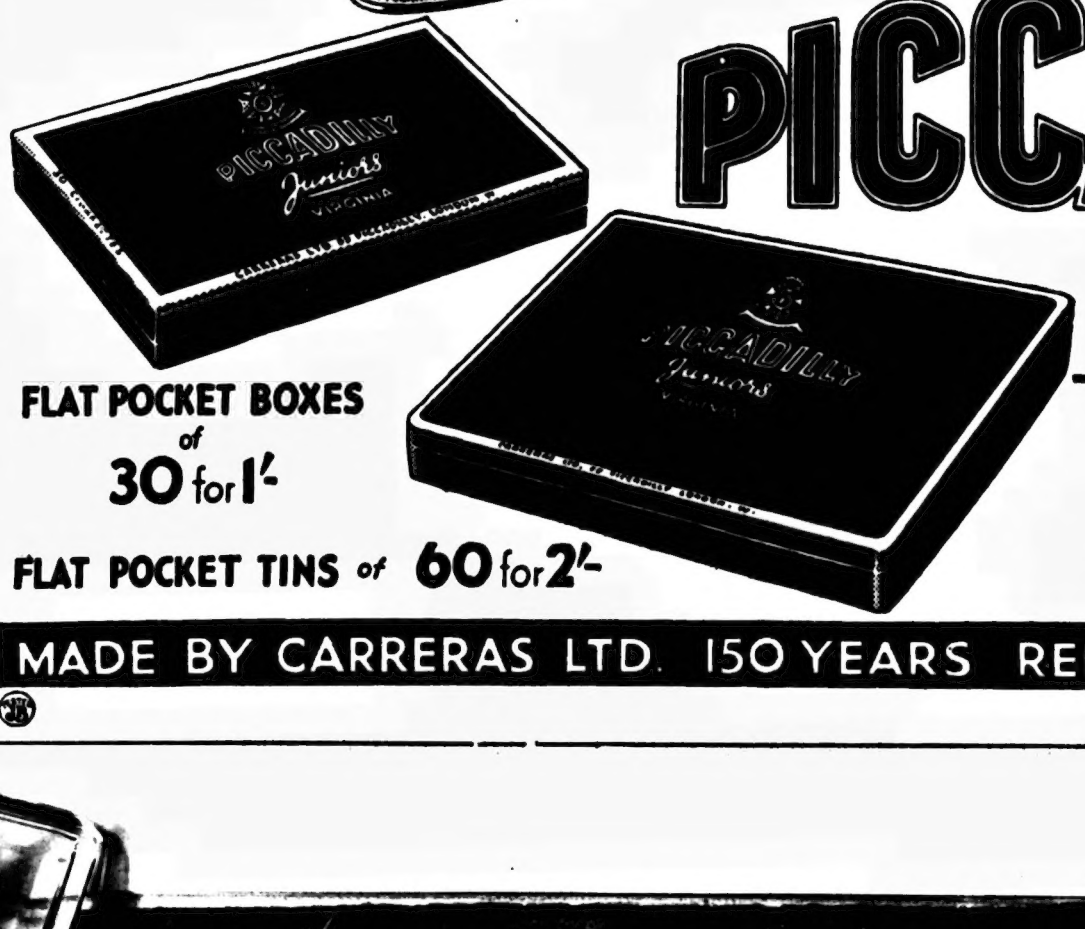

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Cheap Fare Train RISKS

SCORES of thousands of passengers are travelling daily on the railways of this country without realising the grave risk they are running in doing so. They are the holders of cheap trip tickets.

We very much doubt if one in a ousand of them knows that because they travel these trains they lose all right to compen- tion should they be injured by any kind of cident while on the journey.

Even if a cheap trip passenger is killed the me rule operates. His or her dependants have chance of securing compensation.

The reason is that by law the railway com- nies are allowed to "contract out" of this portant liability to excursion passengers.

JOHN BULL has discovered in searching official ne-tables issued by the railway companies that ere is this vital clause in the rules and regula- ns section of the book:

"Excursion and Other Tickets Issued at Fares s than Ordinary Fares: These tickets are issued ject to the Conditions of Issue of Ordinary senger Tickets where applicable, and also to the lowing conditions:

"Neither the holder nor any other person shall ve any right of action against the Company or any er Railway Company or person owning, working, or ng any railway, vehicles, vessels or premises (whether ntly with the Company or otherwise) upon which h tickets may be available in respect of (*a*) injury tal or otherwise), loss, damage or delay however sed, or (*b*) loss of or damage or delay to property ever caused."

UT how many passengers ever refer to the current issue of the time-tables to learn the conditions under which they are to be ried by train?

Yet so long as the companies can show t reasonable steps were taken to bring the ditions of excursion travel to the notice of sengers the liability for compensation in the nt of accidental injury or death is evaded by t contracting out clause.

Reasonable steps are held to consist of print- on the tickets these words: "This excursion et is issued subject to the Conditions and ulations set out in the Company's Time-Tables Excursion Bills."

Quite frankly we think that such a vague mation is anything but reasonable.

We also consider it a scandal that as the law stands scores of cheap fare passengers may killed or injured in a disaster, and yet the com- y would not be liable to pay a single penny of pensation to the relatives of the dead, even gh the accident was brought about by the ligence of a servant of the company.

Decisions of the Courts, when this matter been tested, have upheld the companies. If a company can prove that the passenger either knew the conditions under which he was travelling, or that all reasonable steps had been taken to bring those conditions to his notice, then the liability is nil.

Off for the day with a cheap ticket — but they are better off if they take a railway insurance ticket with them.

A STARTLING DISCLOSURE

A famous legal case was fought over a poor woman—injured when travelling to Manchester with a cheap ticket—who could not read, and therefore could not tell what was printed on her ticket or in the time-tables.

Her ticket was purchased for her by a relative, and handed over as the woman entered the train. In the course of the journey the train started, after a station stop, with a sudden jerk, and the woman was thrown down and hurt.

Argument in this case on the problem of compensation for injury went eventually to the Court of Appeal. There it was held that "reasonable steps" to bring the conditions of the issue of the ticket to the notice of the passenger had been taken, and that the company could not be expected to know that the woman was completely illiterate.

In justification for their "contracting out" of liability in respect of cheap fare passengers the companies make this reply: "We are giving these passengers a special service at a bargain price. They cannot expect to have the same complete service and cover as the passengers who are paying our full standard rates."

JOHN BULL's answer to this is that cheap fare tickets bring enormous revenue to the railways, and we see no reason why some of this should not be devoted to the protection of the passenger.

Indeed, the companies are so eager to attract this profitable custom that they are now offering increased facilities for various kinds of cheap travel—all of which is "accident liability free" under the conditions of these tickets.

The advertising programmes of the railways for this year of 1936 are filled with special cheap ticket offers. "It is better and quicker and just as cheap by rail" is the slogan.

The companies ask the public to buy their cheap tickets, and then, when the tickets have been purchased, shelter themselves behind the law against the risk of accident. But there is no such protection in law for the passengers.

In JOHN BULL's opinion this is altogether unfair on the travelling public, and is a matter which should receive the attention of Parliament.

Road transport undertakings must, under the Road Traffic Acts, insure against the peril of accident to all the passengers they carry, no matter what grade of fare is charged.

THERE can be no contracting out of liability by the motor coach and omnibus proprietor. The burden of insurance for passengers is properly his. Why should the same not apply to the railway companies?

We think it should—that no matter how much or how little the passenger pays he should be protected by law on the railway in exactly the same way as he is on the road.

Actually the only present safeguard to cheap fare travellers is by personal insurance.

This is obtainable at the booking-office of every railway station, where the clerk will issue an accident insurance ticket for a few pence.

But the easiest form of insurance is through those newspapers and periodicals that provide large benefits in the event of any railway accident to their registered readers.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Let it Come—the Great Flood Revolt!

WE make no apology for returning to a subject we have been hammering at for years—the menace of floods, which is once again a topic of general discussion.

Nor need we detail the appalling results of the recent heavy rains—great damage to property, suffering and distress to a host of families, losses to trade and transport.

We are chiefly concerned with the attitude of the authorities to this perilous situation.

The do-nothing brigade

There is still no sign that they realise the bitter hardships involved; not a hint that they intend to protect the country against future invasions by the common enemy

It matters nothing to them, apparently, if householders are marooned and only obtain food by boat, if important roads are so deeply awash that one can swim on them with ease, if trains and lorries are slowed down or stopped entirely.

These authorities are still safe in their smug fastness.

Worth while

Will nothing short of a country-wide revolt of flood victims rouse them from their inactivity? We do not doubt that the flood prevention works which the country so urgently needs would be comparatively costly. But neither is there any doubt that they would prove less expensive than the gigantic losses incurred by our annual floods.

And we all know that the nation's finances are sound enough to afford the schemes which have been shelved on the specious plea of "Economy."

Drought still here!

As we have often said, we must have not only adequate protection against floods but protection against drought.

It may be thought that this is an inopportune moment to discuss water shortage. Yet—to quote one of many examples—the villages near Aylesbury are having to depend on carted water for their drinking supplies, though they are surrounded by floods several feet deep.

That is why we urge a national water system that would combine anti-flood and anti-drought measures.

Help for the victims

We are proud of the fact that JOHN BULL extends ready aid to registered readers who incur losses arising from floods.

JOHN BULL, indeed, is the only journal in the country to provide benefits for readers against flood damage, and those who have not already registered should turn at once to page 34 and take advantage of the generous benefits offered.

But it should not be left to us to protect the public against the results of official negligence We repeat that the national works we have outlined should be put in hand at once, and we are sure the whole public will echo our demand.

Reform at last

Next month the Minister of Education will make a statement in Parliament on his intention to reduce school homework

Far-reaching reductions are planned, though they will come into operation gradually. Coupled with the proposals will be a scheme for changing the whole examination system, into which official enquiry is now being made.

So another of JOHN BULL's aims is to be realised.

Homework bosh

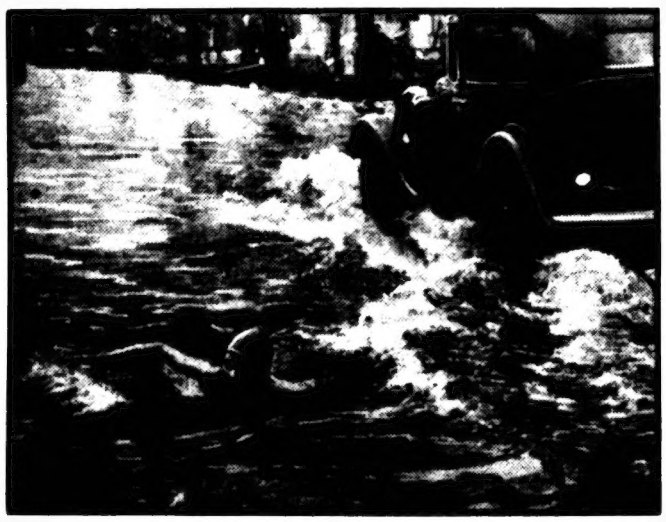
But the Headmasters' Conference declares that homework is an "essential part of the education of the secondary school boy."

We see no reason why it should be. Much of it, after all, is merely laborious preparation for examinations which are rarely fair tests of the scholar's ability.

One headmaster, Mr. A. E. Nichols, asserts that he has found no general desire among parents for the abolition of homework. We need only remind him that schools in many parts of the country have been induced by parents either to abolish it or heavily reduce it. And we look forward to the time when it will be generally banned.

More Children's Homework Bosh

Stopping the Sale of Death



Deep enough to swim in—an astonishing scene in last week's floods

Hardship

Now for some news of interest to the people who think we are spending too much money on education.

Parents at Glen Parva, a working-class district on the fringe of Leicester, are rightly protesting at having to pay 6s. a week in 'bus fares to send each child to school.

And at Llangelnin, Merioneth, there are youngsters who have to get up at six each morning to catch the train to school.

Above the law

Something more than sympathy should be excited by the plight of Mrs. Green, the Ealing widow whose husband was killed by a police car.

We believe the public shares our indignation at the ancient tradition that asserts "the Crown can do no wrong," and thereby deprives her and her three children of any legal right to compensation.

It is indefensible, in these days of widespread State activities, that no action can be taken against the Crown or its servants in a court of law.

Grave injustice

Mrs. Green is not the first victim of this outworn legal tenet. Other people who have suffered as a result of accidents involving official vehicles have been debarred from compensation.

Yet there is a Bill, buried somewhere in the official archives, that proposes to make Crown servants liable to the ordinary laws of the land. We hope it will now be brought down from the shelf and passed through Parliament.

Death sales to stop

Certainly we welcome the ban on "the sale of Death."

The purchase of drugs and poisons of all types will be more difficult after May 1; particular restrictions will apply to barbituric drugs, which at present can easily be obtained by suicides.

Yet another suggestion advanced in these columns will also be carried out—hospitals must see that poisons are kept in a cupboard or on a shelf specially reserved for them.

Mind cures

Gratifying, too, are the remarkable new experiments reported by the Board of Control from some of the mental hospitals.

Experts claim that several very bad cases of insanity have been cured by the extraction of infected wisdom teeth. More than three-quarters of the cases thus treated have recovered and the patients are now back at work.

Worth watching

Other patients have been completely cured by the removal of infected tonsils.

It seems that the poisoned blood stream, caused by such infection, has been responsible for bringing about the disordered state of the brain.

The experiments, we are glad to say, are being continued on an extended scale.

No catch!

The War Office is perplexed. Men are shy of its offer of from £6 to £15 a year for "doing nothing," though there's no catch in the scheme.

Car drivers and certain skilled tradesmen can secure the annual bounty by joining the supplementary reserve. No military training or duty is entailed, only their willingness to serve if war is proclaimed. It is the extravagance of the offer that perplexes us.

Victimised

This reminds us that there are two thousand Civil Servants with a grievance. They served their country well in the war, have given fifteen or more years of efficient service in Government departments.

But for some reason they have never been established, and the Lords of the Treasury are denying them the usual Civil Service right of a pension at sixty.

We regret that the solemn pledge of the Government to give these men "preferential treatment" should be so flagrantly abused.

The Fragrant Minute

GIVING

"MUST I give again and again?" He spoke with grim lip as one who was feeling the strain of Injustice's whip. "Must I give, give, give, all the days that I live?"

Then swiftly the Angel replied, "This need not be done," then added with joy and with pride, "God still gives the sun. And He gives it to you with each day born anew.

"And He is still giving you sight and hearing and touch, and the moon and the stars by night—He is still giving much. When He starts to withhold and grows callous and cold, then you may cease giving, my friend," the wise Angel said. "And when you come to this end—why, you'll be dead!"

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Passing the buck

We also deplore the delay in much-needed reforms which must follow the disagreement of the Royal Commission on the Common Law.

It has long been a dodge of Governments to evade some difficult task by appointing a Commission to consider the matter. But this particular Commission, after sitting for a year, recommends the appointment of another Royal Commission!

If only they would all do likewise, what a godsend it would be to the more indolent of our Ministers!

Too tired to drive

Driving his car home from a New Year's ball at five-thirty in the morning, a lawn-tennis player knocked down and killed a milk roundsman. "I must have fallen asleep over the wheel," he is alleged to have told the police, adding that he was quite sober.

This tragic accident proves once more that people in a fatigued condition should not drive cars.

Whether the fatigue arises from tippling all night or dancing all night is obviously beside the point.

Getting them fit

The British team for the Olympic Games in Berlin should have the public's confidence.

There has been a satisfactory response to our demand that, for a change, our entrants should be in the condition necessary for success. Already 162 men have been notified that they may be called upon and given advice on getting fit even to a request that they should visit a dentist.

A standard has been set which will ensure conscientious training, and we see no reason why Britain should not win half-a-dozen of the events.

Parish pump

We suspect a lot of people in Wales will be amused at the latest statement of the Welsh "Nationalists"—that the time for talking to the English foreigners has passed, and that action must now be taken.

Apparently the biggest grievance is that an English agricultural show was held in Wales some time ago.

And we wager the sensible Welsh farmers enjoyed it.

Going up

We are told that a day after the announcement that the price of household coal would be increased by 1s. 6d. a ton a number of coal retailers in the Rhondda Valley raised the price by twopence per cwt—3s. 4d. a ton.

The Rhondda Valley is not only the country's biggest coal-producing area, but one of the biggest distressed areas.

Will this be the general result of the miners' just demand?

Exploiting the miners

And, in anticipation of an increase in mining wages, it is alleged that provision dealers in certain parts of the Durham coal area have already raised their prices.

A public speaker refers to this as "trickery." If the allegation is true that would seem too mild an expression of contempt.

The ungallant lover

A few weeks ago we castigated some of the most audacious "Romeo Rogues"—the scoundrels who rob the women with whom they profess to be in love.

One of the type, a young Southport man named George Edward Hartill, has been sentenced to two months' hard labour. Courting a domestic servant in London, he stole £30 of her savings. "The most callous man I ever met," the detective describes him.

Our one regret is that the punishment inflicted on him was not heavier.

The BOY *who'll* RULE US

by the Rt. Hon. H. B. Lees-Smith, M.P.

(*Former Minister of Education*)

IN the last examinations for the highest positions in the British Civil Service there was revealed a surprise. The boys from the State-aided Secondary Schools beat the boys from the Public Schools.

It had always been taken for granted that these positions were the exclusive preserve of the wearers of the "Old School Tie." Their defeat by the boys outside the charmed circle of the Public Schools marks the climax of a revolution which began over thirty years ago.

Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902 empowered the State and local authorities to grant public funds for higher education.

The clauses that did this were scarcely noticed in the ferocious conflict over religious teaching that the Act precipitated. But these undramatic clauses, which gave birth to the modern system of Secondary Schools, have profoundly altered the leadership of public life and our whole social structure.

The proportion of the population which goes to the new Secondary Schools has multiplied by four. Three-quarters of the children go there by scholarships or other means from the public Elementary Schools.

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AT the new Secondary Schools the teaching is practically the same as in the old Public Schools.

Whether a boy is at Eton or Winchester or at a County Secondary School, he prepares for exactly the same examination—the School-leaving Certificate. The boys from the Secondary Schools do quite as well in this examination as the boys from the Public Schools.

In the early years of his school life the Secondary School boy receives a far better education than the Public School boy. The Secondary School boy goes there when he is eleven years old, whereas the Public Schools do not admit their boys until they are thirteen or fourteen years of age.

Until he reaches this age the Public School boy has to go to a preparatory school. The general standard of teaching at preparatory schools is low, and many of them are utterly bad. They cannot afford to offer their masters salaries, prospects or pensions such as every State-aided school now provides.

They obtain masters who are unable to get posts in either Secondary or Public Schools. They are being more and more forced to rely on uncertificated mistresses who are not qualified to teach in State Elementary Schools.

Any of these schools can apply to the Board of Education to be inspected and given a certificate of efficiency. Out of 10,000 of them only a comparatively small proportion are declared efficient.

Two years ago the Board of Education appointed a committee to enquire into these private preparatory schools. The evidence given on behalf of the inspectors of schools showed that in a large number of them the teaching and other conditions were so bad as to constitute what was described as a public danger.

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PARENTS whose children are at preparatory schools should, in their own defence, know exactly what is happening to them there and change them from one school to another without hesitation.

The first effects of the new Secondary Schools are noticed at the Universities. All the provincial Universities such as Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham are now made up almost entirely of Secondary School boys. Even at Oxford and Cambridge, the last stronghold of the Public Schools, almost half the undergraduates are now maintained by public funds of one kind or another.

But the Public Schools stand not only for education, but for a type. They claim to have the advantage of unconsciously inculcating the manners, refinement and quiet confidence which have been regarded as the hall-mark of the English gentleman.

The Secondary Schools also are learning the art of instilling these qualities. They are learnt outside the classroom, and the Secondary Schools are developing the *esprit-de-corps*, the sportsmanship and the sense of honour which have been regarded as the secret of the Public Schools.

A colonel in command of an infantry regiment recently said to me with some heat: "Upon my soul, when I get a new subaltern nowadays I cannot tell from his manners whether he comes from a Public School or a Secondary School."

He did not realise that in this sentence he revealed the profound revolution that is taking place in our social structure.

The result is that these boys are increasingly invading the monopoly that the Public Schools have had of the Civil Service, the Bar, the Church, the professions, and now even of the officer class in the Army and the Air Force.

But the Secondary School boys have made one mistake.

They have crowded into the black-coated occupations and have avoided industry. The consequence is that many of them are now finding it difficult to get jobs.

The headmaster of a London Elementary School told me that thirty parents of his poorest boys had refused to allow them to go in for the scholarship examination for the Secondary School as they did not believe that they would get a job at the end

The fault has been with industry.

The traditional habit of employers has been to recruit their labour at fourteen years of age and give the abler lads promotion after two or three years of routine.

By this system they are now losing the cleverest boys, for those boys who win scholarships to the Secondary Schools do not leave school until they are sixteen years old. Natural ability is being drained away from industry and being over-concentrated in University teaching, school teaching, journalism, law and the professions.

But industry is now waking to the fact. It is beginning to adapt its methods of recruitment so as to secure the ablest boys from the Secondary Schools.

A most thorough examination of this question was recently made by a committee of education in the engineering trade, consisting of leading men of every branch of industry. This committee came to the conclusion that the industry needed a larger proportion of well-educated young men than it at present possesses.

The reason that it does not obtain them is that apprenticeship begins at fourteen years of age and so rules out the Secondary School boy.

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THE committee recommended that a boy should be allowed to enter apprenticeship as late as the age of seventeen years, and that his previous years in a Secondary School should count as years of apprenticeship.

But all this is creating a new problem. The working-class boy who does not win a scholarship to a Secondary School, but stays behind in an Elementary School, has less chance than ever of rising to-day.

When he is fourteen years old he leaves school to take part in the mass life of the working class. In previous times he could work his way up, but now he finds Secondary School boys already sitting in more and more of the higher positions.

Even if he goes to evening classes at the Technical Schools, he finds himself competing with Secondary School boys, who already are filling half the places in these schools to-day and are increasing there each year.

The tough, hard-boiled, thrusting lad who went to work at fourteen years of age, attended Technical Schools in the evening and built up the cotton mills of Lancashire and the shipyards of the Clyde is passing away.

He is being pushed aside by bright, eager, intelligent Secondary School boys who win scholarships—our future ruling class.

The modern educational system has opened for Secondary School boys a new gateway to better positions in the world

The £250

ONE of the greatest current "draws" in the film world is the six-year-old American girl named Shirley Temple. It is estimated that during the past twelve months 10,000,000 people in these islands have paid to see her performances on the screen.

Shirley's father is a small branch bank manager in Los Angeles. She earns £250 a week—on a seven-year contract—and, in addition, is reputed to make about £1,000 a week from royalties on toys, advertisements and so on.

A few weeks ago a young American called Coogan "threw a party" to celebrate his twenty-first birthday. It was an elaborate party as befitted a young man who entered adult estate with £200,000 tucked away.

But he had earned most of it before he was fourteen years old—when he was little Jackie Coogan and his début in Charlie Chaplin's "The Kid" swept himself—and his parents—to wealth and ease.

At the same time as young Mr. Coogan was celebrating his right to spend a fortune made when he was a child an eleven-year-old English boy named Freddie Bartholomew was having a similar prosperous future made secure for him—American fashion.

He was appearing before a Los Angeles court, where his aunt, who has been sponsoring his new-found film fame, was applying for legal guardianship of him and his £250-a-week seven-year contract. His father and mother, seven thousand miles away in England, contested the aunt's right—but they lost the case.

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Items such as the above have been front-page news during the past few weeks. No wonder that many thousands of fathers and mothers, especially the latter, try to convince themselves that they have got a Shirley Temple or a Freddie Bartholomew in their own home.

It has had much the same effect, too, upon British film producers. They would like to produce child stars, since audiences so obviously want them, even if it came to paying the Hollywood salaries.

But they cannot. Our law does not allow them to. If British audiences want to see child stars, even if they are British children, they must see them through the medium of films made in Hollywood.

There are plenty of people who detest seeing children in films. But nobody can deny their drawing-power, and just now when there is a boom in such pictures it seems rather hard luck that the growing British industry should be debarred, by Act of Parliament, from participating in the business.

The Children and Young Persons Act of 1933 forbids the employment of children under twelve in film studios in any circumstances, no matter what safeguards for welfare and education are adopted.

Jackie Coogan, made £200,000 out of films before he was fourteen . .

Freddie Bartholomew has been the subject of a legal fight in Hollywood, where he earns £250 a week . .

Great Britain is the only country with such a law, and in the past six months, while studio cameras in America, France and Germany have been busy turning out pictures with child stars for showing in British kinemas, three of our biggest companies have appeared before the magistrates and have been fined for daring to employ child actors in their films.

In effect, the interpretation of the Act against the British studios rests on a quibble.

It permits the employment of young children under proper safeguards for *entertainment* purposes such as in a theatre. But it is argued that the entertainment value of a film does not arise until some months after it is completed, that the making of it is not entertainment and that a film studio is therefore purely a factory under the provisions of the Act.

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The British companies are helpless. A few of them work in a child scene occasionally, "chancing" the common informer who may come along and denounce them to the authorities; the others are forced to sit back and see native child star material go to America for want of a chance at home.

The same Act forbids the export of children for film employment abroad. But it is easily evaded. The American company which snaps up a British child actor arranges for it to go for a "holiday" on the other side in the care of its guardian.

No written arrangements or contracts are entered into over here; but when the avowed purpose of the visit—a holiday stay—has been kept, a contract is signed in New York or Hollywood and the child stays on. There is no proof that the child has been exported for film employment.

The General Council of the Trades Union Congress has been among the first to recognise the unfairness of the present Act and, in accord with the Federation of British Industries, it has produced a demand for a modification of the Act to allow children to appear in British films subject to proper safeguards as regards their health and education.

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A joint report recently issued states that "it is a point of national importance that British films should be allowed to portray British child life in view of the universal popularity of the film," and it makes detailed proposals for a change in the law.

The plans are comprehensive, and cover conditions of work for the child employed in "crowd" work, the child taking small parts, and the child who would become a star artist and probably continue in film work in the future.

It is to be hoped that the new scheme, which was approved by the T.U.C. at the Margate congress, and will be submitted to the new Parliament, will bring about a speedy change in the present law.

As some excuse for such a new measure it may be added that at the moment there are two new films scheduled to be made in England, which are held up indefinitely, because of the impossibility of obtaining the essential child actors for the cast. Between them they represent over £100,000, which would have been spent in wages and materials.

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One is the film to be made of Thomas Hughes' classic "Tom Brown's School days." Mr. David Selznick, head of the famous American film firm, has arranged for it to be produced at Denham, in Buckinghamshire.

The other is Maurice Chevalier's first British film, based on W. J. Locke's novel "The Beloved Vagabond." It has been held up because the firm concerned cannot get a boy to play the part of Astier who accompanies the Beloved Vagabond throughout the story.

But let us get back to the fathers and mothers who read those reports from Hollywood of the colossal opportunities in cash and careers which are offered to child actors, and who are so wistfully sure that "our little Willie," given a chance, could easily outshine the Jackie Coopers and the Freddie Bartholomews.

What chance has "our little Willie" got? We can only judge by Hollywood where the child actor business has assumed almost the dimensions of a racket—and a pretty sad racket. Sad for all concerned—children and parents.

In spite of all the fervent lines which issues daily from Hollywood the

Shampoo Shuffle

"DO not destroy this letter until you have read the winning number for free gifts in tonight's paper."

Hundreds of residents at Plymouth recently received a printed letter which contained this interesting message. The letter was headed with the number 722.

In it a Mr. H. Knight, of Pariswave Products Co., 11a, Broad Street, Nottingham, explained that, apparently out of sheer kindness of heart and a desire to sell his Pariswave shampoo powders, he had decided to distribute a number of presents among the good people of Plymouth.

* * *

The first offered was a box of high-grade stainless cutlery, the second a lady's gold-cased wristlet watch, and the third a chromium-plated timepiece.

Having emphasised the not very obvious fact that this "advertising scheme is genuine," it was then explained that if the number appearing at the head of the letter was the same as that appearing in the Pariswave advertisement in that evening's newspaper, then "any person in possession of a letter bearing the number may claim the cutlery."

Strangely enough, the number 722 appeared in due course in the evening newspaper, to the delight of many who were unaware that a whole batch of letters bore the same number.

The snag in the scheme from the public's point of view is that holders of "winning" numbers in order to claim their gift have to send 2s. for two shampoo powders, plus 6d. postage.

If this trick campaign to sell shampoo powders at 1s. each succeeds, then Pariswave Products Co. will be inundated with claims for sets of stainless steel cutlery and other gifts.

-a-WEEK CHILD

—Film Warning to the Ambitious Parent

To-day child stardom is at its height on the films, but looking back it is difficult to pick out more than half-a-dozen adult stars who have come from the legions of children which have twinkled across the film firmament.

Shirley Temple also earns £250 a week—on a seven-year contract

Children who are "top liners" in the film business can be numbered on one hand. And pure chance and "pull" have had something to do with their rise to fame as well as their accomplishments. The little "Big Five" are Shirley Temple, Sybil Jason, Spanky McFarland, Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew.

Shirley Temple never had a lesson in singing, dancing or acting until after she had made her first motion picture appearance. As we know, her father is a bank manager in the heart of filmdom. He lived, as it were, on the job. What would be more natural than for him to push his child's outstanding ability with film casting directors with whom he was by the nature of his business in touch!

Sybil Jason is British—or, rather, South African. This little six-year-old has had a stage and musical training, but she got her first chance through her uncle, Harry Jacobson, of Ray Noble's band, whose stage and film connections no doubt played a great part in getting his clever child a "bit" part in a British film at a time when the authorities were less watchful than now against child actors.

☆ ☆ ☆

Spanky McFarland, who seems destined for the shoes of Jackie Coogan and Jackie Cooper, has had no film or stage training. He had merely posed for poster advertising, as a small child, in the small Texan town where his parents lived.

In his case, like in Freddie Bartholomew's, an energetic aunt was the good fairy who ushered him into film fame. One day she posted one of his advertisement photographs to a Hollywood studio. The result was a wire for a screen test and a contract. And father sold his garage business and trekked to California with Spanky.

Jane Withers, who has just bumped up her salary from £30 to £200 a week by threatening to go on strike if she didn't get the rise, also had no training. Her parents, however, although non-professional, banked on her "cuteness" and moved to Hollywood. There they worked the studios and got her "crowd" work. After a small radio part they started training her in earnest and a big studio part followed.

Of the whole lot, Freddie Bartholomew, the English boy, is the only one with any real or complete training. His aunt who is now his guardian started him on acting lessons almost from babyhood, long before he appeared in films.

Between this galaxy of baby stars and the rest there is a big gap—in pay if not in years. Next below is a bare dozen children whose maximum earnings are about £13 a week.

Not bad, you might think! But out of that £13 come agency commissions, and to earn it means a whole-time job for mother or father as well as the child. One of them has to attend the child to and from and at the studio which, if the child is six years of age, may take up a whole day.

Below these again are the children whom kinema patrons see in such pictures as the "Our Gang" comedies. Parents of these have a harder time still to earn their children's money, as all these young actors are paid on a day-to-day basis—usually from £2 to £3. Last of all come the hundreds of children who are employed in the "baby burlesque" films (of which we see few in England) and in crowd parts such as the fairy sequences in the recent "Midsummer Night's Dream."

These children are picked at the casting offices a day before "shooting" commences and it is a common and unhappy spectacle in Hollywood to see a mother or father trudging from studio to studio and queuing up with adult crowd workers who are hoping for a job. The sight is not made more pleasant by the fact that the child is often and obviously the breadwinner.

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In Hollywood there are plenty of parents who, fired by the fantastic reports of salaries paid to child stars, have sold up their homes elsewhere and migrated with their "cute" offspring to filmland. And the majority of them who have fondly assumed that they have been rearing a potential gold-mine have found out instead that they have created an unhappy and maladjusted child.

Hollywood labour laws affecting the child in film work are strict enough, but they operate only in the studios. They take no account of what goes on outside or circumstances under which the child comes into the work.

The laws are based simply on elementary health points. A child above six may spend eight hours in the studio; between two and six years old, six hours; from six months old to two years, four hours.

Below six months the rules are more detailed and strict. For instance, the mite may spend only thirty seconds under the camera lights and a doctor and nurse must be in attendance stop-watching the performance. Because of this, rates of pay for babies are high. The proud father or mother usually draws £15 for baby's thirty-second gurgles—or at the rate of £30 a minute.

But by contrast a baby's film life is faster and more furious than that of any other stars. It is too old at one year old. There is Baby Leroy who, less than two years ago, had his name in electric lights with Maurice Chevalier's. Where is he now? His mother, who was a poor woman, cashed in on his sudden fame and managed to get a few contracts for him, but before the next baby film came along he was in the sere and yellow leaf—too old to be a baby.

☆ ☆ ☆

Baby Leroy's sad story brings us to the real problem and often the tragedy of the child film star. What happens to them after they cease to be children?

Jackie Coogan's case is exceptional. He is lucky, because he has still got the money, exceptional because we still hear of him. But not as an actor. At twenty-one, when some adult stars are already "made," he is taking a course at a California University in kinema technique.

Where are all the others—all the Baby Elsies and little Mickeys of the past? Like the average infant prodigy, they never seem to grow up into adult artists

Looking back it is possible to pick out less than half a dozen adult stars who have come from the legions of children which have twinkled across the film firmament. Mary Miles Minter was among them, and so were Madge Evans, Mary Philbin and Anne Shirley. But when we have said their names we have about mentioned the lot.

Hollywood, outgrowing itself from one year to another, has never had time to keep track of the others. Their fate is wrapped in mystery and perhaps some tragedy.

But it is these forgotten ones that British parents, ambitious for the film future of their offspring, might keep in mind as well as the £250-a-week contract of Master Freddie Bartholomew.

There is not the slightest doubt that child exploitation of this sort crept in with the vogue of the child film. It would be difficult to guard against it; but Parliament, if and when it legislates permission for juvenile employment in British studios, should recognise that fact and see that the child comes first—even before the most well-meaning parent and the best-intentioned of film combines.

HERE'S *all the* PRIVACY *You* NEED!

DEAR Colonel Lindbergh.—You know that we are glad and proud to welcome you and your wife and your little son as our guests, but I am writing to you to explain why that welcome could not be allowed to "go without saying."

You have let it be known rather late in the day that this is nothing more than a holiday visit. I never supposed it to be anything else, but I am quite sure that the kind of holiday you seek implies nothing more than peace and rest and kindly obscurity.

These things we hope to give you as we have given them all down the troubled centuries to storm-driven people, illustrious and obscure, who have sought safe harbourage here from other lands.

Nevertheless your case is unique, for you have been driven almost to despair by your own fame and hounded down by the very hero-worship of your own people.

You could not have dreamed, when you made that first solo flight across the Atlantic in May of 1927, that the wild enthusiasm of Paris was no more than the overture to an interminable opera of applause and publicity. Still less could you have imagined that it would result in this sad, strange, significant flight to England.

* * *

A sad flight, Colonel, because it touches the pride of your countrymen who love and admire you; strange, because it has set all the world wondering; and significant because it implies a kind of dictatorship in the midst of a great democracy, a hidden tyranny in the home of freedom.

Publicity is at once the penalty and reward of high achievement. It had come to you unsought even before you made flying history.

They called you "Lucky Lindy" then, and you wore your popularity with gay indifference. Afterwards, when you suddenly became the very incarnation of young America's adventurous ideal, you carried the burden of a greater fame with a modesty which has the more endeared you to us all.

You could not have escaped lionisation anywhere. We have our "lions" here, and our reporters hunt them and our cameramen "shoot" them to satisfy what is essentially a legitimate public demand.

But we do not trap them. We do not pursue them remorselessly when they take cover. Our own jealous regard for personal liberty necessitates a respect for the personal liberty of our fellowmen. We allow even the famous to live their own private lives unmolested.

That is not the case in the United States, where your "gentlemen of the Press" have become a veritable press-gang raiding the highways and by-ways of public life and desecrating the sanctuary of the home itself.

And yet, my dear Colonel, it remains partly true that the newspapers have to give the public what it wants. It is the American people—not the American Press—which has fallen into the profound error of confusing fame and notoriety and putting the seal of success upon anybody who "gets away with it."

That is why your "public enemies" vie with one another for precedence. That is why they actually obtain the kind of eminence enjoyed by some of your political bosses, your grafting industrialists, and your bribe-taking officials.

Corrupt money power is the hidden dictatorship in the United States.

Our hearts went out to you and your wife in the time of that cruel tragedy which robbed you in 1932 of your first-born, but only your own countrymen could feel the full measure of its horror and disgrace. It opened their eyes, as nothing else could ever have done, to the monstrous tyranny which they had allowed to establish itself.

We have watched you since then with the utmost sympathy, admiring your own stoic fortitude and your wife's pathetically brave support. You have tried to rebuild your private lives. You have adventured on other flights together and sought solace in fine scientific work.

* * *

But your persecutors would not leave you alone.

The Hauptmann trial was an infamy of publicity and twisted legal practice and it has been followed by a campaign of misrepresentation and lying propaganda. And finally you have again been threatened by kidnappers.

All America is shocked that at long last you should have felt this "holiday" necessary. But is it sufficiently shocked at the realisation that it cannot protect its best-loved citizens from the ordeal of the scandal sheets and the menace of the "snatch racket"?

It is in all friendliness to you yourself and to our kinsmen, the people of the United States, that I ask this question. And it is with true humility that I rejoice in our own relative immunity from that tyranny from which you have fled.

We are privileged that you should seek our hospitality and our security. But that you should have chosen to do so is a fact which we could not pass over in silence. For it holds a lesson which the free peoples of the earth cannot afford to ignore.

And so, Colonel, all the seclusion you desire!

JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL'S *Open Letter to* Col. Lindbergh

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. WALTER RUNCIMAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. RUNCIMAN,—Your Department is trying to set the shipping industry on its feet with money from public funds, and the bogy of foreign competition is exploited to the full.

But you might think about the Navy, which maintains a fleet of oil tankers to transport fuel overseas. These ships, it is now revealed, openly compete with private vessels between their normal duties.

An Admiralty official, in fact, calmly states that these tankers are able to snatch a big proportion of the commercial work available.

Doesn't this admission make you see red? JOHN BULL.

Provost BELL,
Greenock

DEAR PROVOST,—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." That was written some two thousand years ago, but still holds good.

When you were busy the other day your secretary turned away a stranger who wanted to see you. But, luckily for Greenock, he returned two hours later, handed you £1,000 to found a bed in the local hospital, and disappeared again.

Why not stick up the above text in your secretary's office?

JOHN BULL.

Dr. R. B. CATTELL: "Men of genius four or five times as frequent among well-to-do as among poorer families." I doubt it. Anyway, remember that rich have more opportunities to prove their ability.—JOHN BULL.

Sir HUGH ALLEN,
Royal College of Music

DEAR SIR HUGH,—"Almost an insult" is how you describe the playing of fine music at meals.

Nonsense! Nothing can be more harmful to music than the fetish that we must listen to it in strained silence, sitting uneasily in some stuffy concert hall.

Many people have learnt to appreciate good music by hearing it played in restaurants—or on the radio—during their meals. And I, for one, refuse to brand them as musical savages.

JOHN BULL.

Canon PETER GREEN,
Salford

DEAR CANON,—Were you suffering from an incurable disease you would say good-bye to your friends, receive the last sacraments, and take a dose of painless poison.

"Which," you ask, "is the most religious way to die—to die after weeks of a living death, or with a clear mind which enables one to pray and receive the sacraments?

That is a question every man must answer for himself.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT SPENCER NAIRN,
Fife County Council

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—The council favours an increase of the allowance for children of the unemployed from the totally inadequate sum of 2s. to 3s. a week.

You, the convener of the public assistance committee, opposed the motion—and failed to find a seconder!

I rejoice to find the claims of humanity so resolutely upheld in what I have often considered to be a backward county.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM,
c/o Broadcasting House

DEAR MAX,—After many years' residence in Italy, you complain that London has been "cosmopolitanised, democratised, commercialised, mechanised, standardised and vulgarised."

But I think you will agree that the laugh, after all, is with a people who have stopped short of becoming Fascistised, militarised, terrorised, pauperised and anathematised. JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. HODGSON KERFOOT,
Buxton

DEAR SIR,—Thanks to the generosity of private benefactors, the National Trust has been able to preserve a large part of Dovedale—that glorious valley which forms the boundary between Derbyshire and Staffs.

Now you have presented the Iron Tors and the Nobbs—a further hundred acres.

That is a magnificent New Year gift to all who admire fine scenery.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. SYDNEY W. CARROLL,
London

DEAR MR. CARROLL,—You are right in warning teachers that pupils are apt to regard the study of Shakespeare as a penance.

The compulsory "swotting-up" of poets nearly always results in a loathing for all forms of poetry which lasts well into middle-age—if not longer.

Everyone who ever attended school is well aware of this fact—except, apparently, the education authorities.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. C. MORT,
Liverpool Coroner

DEAR SIR,—Elderly and infirm people who are too poor to afford help should not be allowed to live alone, you declare.

The idea behind the remark is admirable, but I know to what lengths some people will go in order to keep the last shreds of liberty, small a thing though it may be.

No, I think any conscription of the poor would kill more people than it might benefit. JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. P. LINDSAY,
Vicar of Camberwell

DEAR VICAR,—You predict that the coming year holds in store for all of us just as much fortune as each one deserves

I'm afraid I cannot share your particular brand of "Christian optimism." I refuse to believe that all those who will have to face the privations of unemployment, the sufferings of illness or the burden of other worries will deserve their misfortunes.

And I'm sure that, on second thought, you will agree with me.

JOHN BULL.

Sir HUGH SEELY, M.P.: Miners' wages should go up, and go up now, you say. Why not "must" instead of "should"?—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Bristol

GENTLEMEN,—Following the drowning of a young man on a foggy night—last of a long series of grave accidents—your citizens are demanding that Bristol's open docks and waterways shall be fenced or otherwise made safe.

No doubt the "experts" and those who hate change will put up a strenuous opposition. But your duty is plain. The danger of even one more life being needlessly lost should outweigh all possible objections.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. H. HANCOCK,
Hazel Grove, nr. Macclesfield

DEAR SIR,—Most people are content to sentimentalise over the fate of worn-out horses. You give practical proof of your sympathy by maintaining a rest-home for fourteen veterans, ranging from pedigree racers to the humble donkey.

You welcome visitors but not subscriptions, and you cheerfully announce that there is still room for more.

Though you decline money, you cannot refuse the tribute of admiration which all animal-lovers must desire to pay you.

JOHN BULL.

WILL MUSSOLINI GO?

by A. G. Gardiner

"I MUST dazzle and astonish," said Napoleon. "Conquest has made me what I am, and conquest must maintain me." In that remark he stated the dilemma of all supermen. If they fail, they are fallible, and if they are fallible they are vanquished.

It is the dilemma that confronts Mussolini. He set out to "dazzle and astonish" to conquer Abyssinia on the one hand and to flout and overawe Europe on the other.

And things have gone wrong. All his calculations have come to grief. His position must be worse even than we suspect, or he would not have made that humiliating confession to Italy that the war had come to an "absolutely necessary pause." In the light of that confession, what of the future of the Dictator?

In a sketch of Mussolini, which I published in "Certain People of Importance" ten years ago, I compared the career and character of the Dictator with those of Napoleon, and I ventured the opinion that his power would not endure as long as that of "the Little Corsican."

What the ghastly blunder of Moscow was to Napoleon, the mad adventure into the wilds of Abyssinia looks like being to Mussolini, the beginning of the end.

It is strange that he should have challenged his fate in that ill-omened land. It was there that only forty years ago Francesco Crispi found his Moscow, too. He was a sort of precursor to Mussolini, a Fascist in the bud, who dreamed of a great Roman empire of which Abyssinia was to be an African pillar. But within a few hours of the news of Adowa he had fallen, never to rise again.

* * *

I CAN imagine that Mussolini is thinking a lot about Crispi in these days of gloom and disappointment. Not that he is likely to suffer such an instant and spectacular fall as that of his predecessor. Italy then had a Parliament, and when one government had brought it to disaster it had an alternative government to put in its place and to reverse the engines of policy.

But Mussolini has concentrated all power in himself. He has reduced the King to a puppet of the palace. He has made Parliament as impotent as a parish council. He has disbanded trade unions and all vehicles for the expression of public opinion. He has muzzled the Press and put everybody he feared into penal islands. He is his own Prime Minister, Chancellor, Navy Minister, War Minister, Air Minister, and Lord High Everything Else.

In a word, he is Italy. There is no alternative power. He has taken precautions against that by degrading everybody who caught the public eye. The limelight must fall nowhere except upon the august, semi-divine figure that filled the centre of the stage.

In the face of it, he is invulnerable. Public opinion cannot bring him down, for public opinion has no vehicle through which to act. Conspiracy and rebellion cannot bring him down, for he holds every key of power in his hand. Such is the fate of a nation that has lost its freedom and fallen under the tyranny of a Dictator.

Yet, I think, the end is coming. Napoleon survived more than two years after Moscow, but Moscow dug his grave. And Abyssinia is digging Mussolini's grave.

The magic of his name is blown on and as the dimensions of the catastrophe are realised the disillusioned and shattered nation will find some other focus around which it can mobilise itself. That focus may be the King, or the Heir Apparent, or the Army, or some other adventurer that can jump the claim and seize the reins.

That Mussolini himself can emerge from the tragedy unscathed is out of the question. For tragedy it is for Italy, whatever now happens.

I have said that all Mussolini's calculations have miscarried. The strategy of the war has broken down calamitously. The idea of an irresistible mechanised penetration of a wild country has proved impracticable.

* * *

THE advance to Makale is seen to be a first-class blunder, leaving the Italian flank exposed to a demoralising guerrilla attack. The terrific problems of transport and supply are proving insurmountable. The rains that will reduce the country to an impassable morass are near. It is a grim outlook.

And the outlook at home is no more cheerful. The economic consequences of sanctions are beginning to tell with deadly effect. Imports are drying up; exports are drying up. The miseries of shortage, controlled supplies, ration cards, foul substitutes—all the experiences that countries had in the Great War—are descending on Italy.

Add to all this, bankruptcy. When Napoleon was asked what was the most important thing in war, he replied, "Money." And the second? "More money." And the third? "Most money." Italy's till is nearly empty—so empty that the figures of the diminishing gold reserve are no longer published. Mussolini must pay in cash to keep the war going, and he cannot borrow. I am not sure that the financial sanction alone is not now enough to decide the issue.

That, in broad outline, is the mess that Mussolini has got himself into. What will he do about it? What will be the reactions of his terrific egotism to the impending defeat? Signora Sarfatti, in her eulogistic biography of him, prepares us for the worst.

* * *

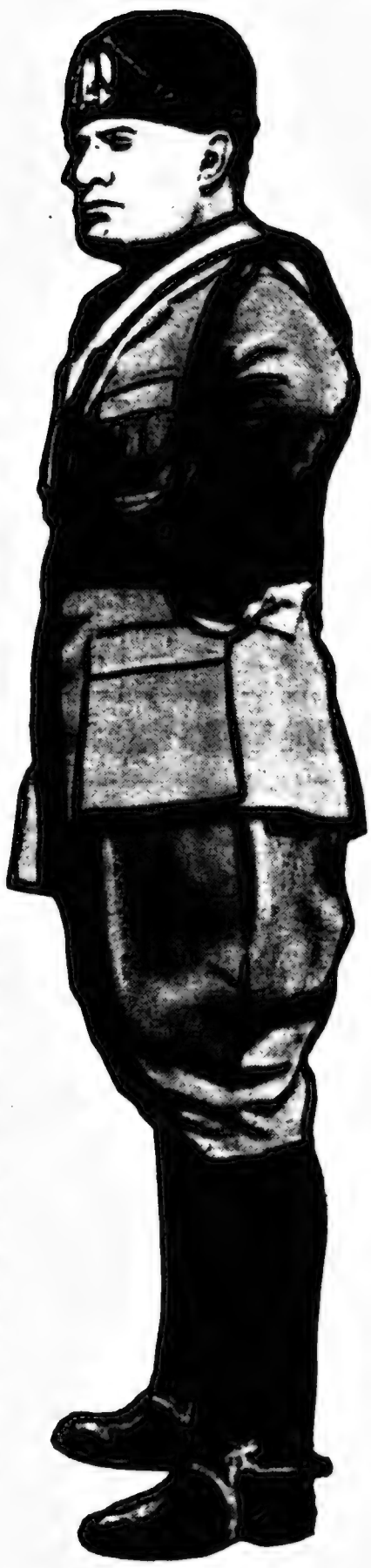
AMBITION, she says, is his sole passion. It "gnaws at his vitals." The clue to his career is the passion for power—"power over other men, power for its own sake, not as a means to an end, but as the conquerors of history have always loved it." He does not appeal to men to die for a cause. He appeals to them to die for a hero—for himself. "If I advance, follow me," he cries; "if I retreat, kill me; if I die, avenge me."

If he is true to this picture of him, he may decide to run amuck, reckless of all consequences. The alternative is a humiliating surrender to the irresistible facts of the situation. Whichever horn of the dilemma he chooses, his personal ascendancy will be gone.

If he rushes to his doom, it will go in one way. If he bows to the storm, it will go in another. A Dictator cannot bow, like a British Prime Minister, to the storm and then go on as if nothing had happened.

There is another possibility. He may try to dodge the dilemma by putting himself at the head of a "proletarian" Italy. He began as a revolutionist of the Left and has never concealed a sneaking sympathy with Russia. Italy was heading for Bolshevism when he marched on Rome, and it is quite on the cards that he may head it back to Bolshevism himself to cover up the tracks of his retreat from Abyssinia. It is not easy to set limits to the situation of such a volcanic adventure.

But whatever the course of events in the next few months the Dictatorship will be shaken When it falls, Europe will be able to breathe again. "The corpse of the Goddess of Liberty," which Mussolini boasts that he has trampled underfoot, will come to life. And not in Italy alone.



"He set out to dazzle and astonish . . . but Abyssinia is digging his grave"

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Cooks and Cupid

SING a song of cooking,
A household full of hash;
Sing of beef and bullets,
Sausages and mash;
Sing a song of something
Stewing in a pot—
Don't inquire too closely—
Eat it while it's hot!

Lilt a lay of lovelies
Married for their looks;
Drone a doleful ditty
Of the lack of cooks!
Sing of indigestion
And attendant ills;
Heave a sigh for husbands;
Pass the liver pills!

This being Leap Year, the male population is living dangerously. Any lad between the ages of 18 and 80 is now liable to be kidnapped by a female gangster with an infinite capacity for manipulating lipstick and none at all for handling frying-pan.

So there is much to be said for the plea of Mr. Aubrey Bateman, a former Mayor of Bath, that "A female Baden-Powell should arise and infuse the Girl Guide movement with the same desire for good citizens as the Boy Scouts, and teach the women really how to cook."

But it is doubtful if forty mayors in all the glory of their rabbit-skins would influence the average Romeo looking for a Juliet to help him spend his overdraft. In fact, Mr. Bateman's son, Aubrey Leland, who has just become engaged, admits that the dear old dad's views in no way influenced his choice.

"When a man marries," says Aubrey Leland, "he has to take a chance as to whether his wife knows anything about cooking. I do not know whether my fiancée can cook or not. If we all waited for a woman who was a perfect cook, most of us would end up as bachelors."

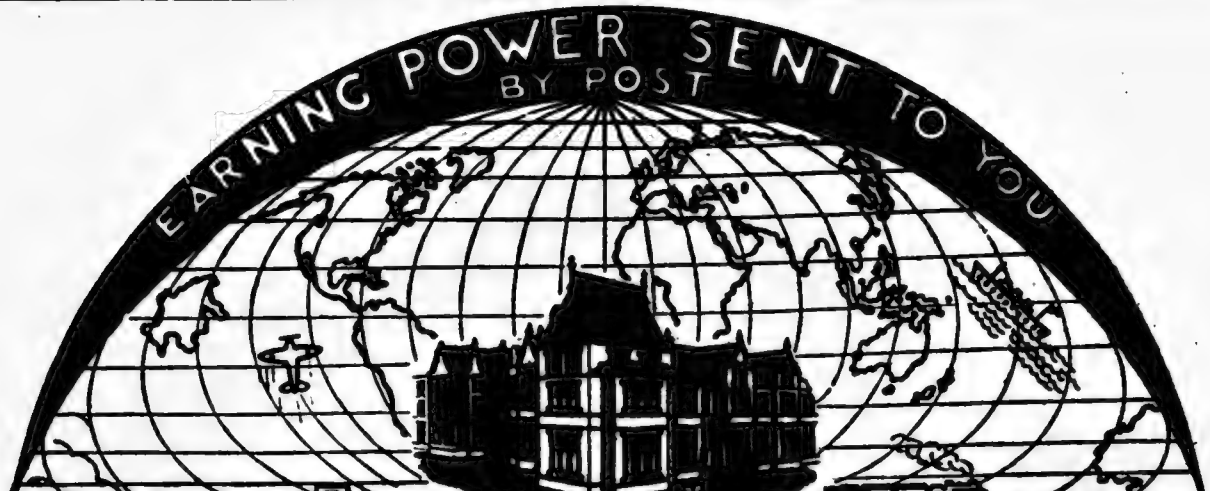
This, at the moment, would doubtless strike young Mr. Bateman as too tragic a prospect to be contemplated. But many an old-established married dyspeptic, who could once think of Mon Repos only as a love nest, now thinks of it as a culinary crematorium.

None but the brave can stand the fare provided by a hopeful bride who is more at home with a gramophone than with a gas stove, and it is not going too far to say that many a time and oft Cupid has, so to speak, met his Waterloo on the battlefield of eating.

But, despite warnings, the average boy of the housedog breed will continue to take a pair of sparkling eyes, without stopping to enquire whether their owner knows the correct method of frying a duck-billed platypus or removing stains from a milk pudding.

Love is mostly chocolate creams,
Strawb'ry ices, fancy cakes!
Where the silver moonlight gleams,
Wisdom sleeps, Romance awakes;
Sunday's mutton, Monday's stew—
All this very sordid seems!
When a girl friend's eyes are blue,
Love is mostly chocolate creams!

Love is mostly chocolate creams,
And it is a dainty dish!
Marriage, though, too often seems
Quite another plate of fish!
Blue eyes may make Reason blind,
But Dan Cupid comes a crash
When his victims wake to find
Matrimony's mostly hash!



LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

35 YEARS' PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE

LET ME BE YOUR BIG BROTHER

15 YEARS HELPING HIM

IT IS THE PERSONAL TOUCH WHICH COUNTS IN POSTAL TUITION

Let us tell YOU how to make a success of the life before you—by using your spare evenings wisely and pleasantly

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL & MOST PROGRESSIVE CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE IN THE WORLD

CAN YOU CHANGE MY EXPRESSION?

Jim Dunk

IF SO, YOU MAY BE THE ARTIST THAT COMMERCE IS WAITING FOR

Just try it for yourself, trace or draw the outline and then put in the features.

There are hundreds of openings in connection with Humorous Papers, Advertisement Drawing, Posters, Calendars, Catalogues, Textile Designs, Book Illustrations, etc. 60 per cent. of Commercial Art Work is done by "Free Lance Artists" who do their work at home and sell it to the highest bidders. Many Commercial Artists draw "retaining fees" from various sources, others prefer to work full-time employment or partnership arrangement. We teach you not only how to draw what is wanted but how to make buyers want what you draw. Many of our students who originally took up Commercial Art as a hobby have since turned it into a full-time paying profession with studio and staff of assistant artists; there is no limit to the possibilities. Let us send full particulars for a FREE TRIAL and details of our course for your inspection. You will be under no obligation whatever.

Jim Dunk **Art Dept. 31.**

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Police, Special Course
Preceptors, College of
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Shipbuilding
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Structural Engineering
Surveying
Teachers of Handicrafts
Telephony and Telegraphy
Transport Inst. Exams.
Weights and Measures Inspector
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AN ELECTRIC Red Herring

Mr. Dalton claims to save the drifters time and money by telling them exactly where the herring are waiting to be caught . . . Now his victims are waiting for their profits!

Astounding CHEAP FISH Fraud

FOR years publicists and dieticians have been counselling the nation on the high value of herring as a cheap food. A good many people differ with them upon the cheapness aspect since they have had dealings with a certain Mr. Griffiths Dalton.

This individual believes that an all-the-year-round supply of herring can be provided to every home in the land at one-fourth of the price now charged by the fishmonger.

You see, he knows how many herring there are in the oceans around Great Britain—he says that their number is two hundred times greater than marine biologists imagine.

What is still more important, he knows how to locate the presence of the biggest herring shoals with absolute accuracy anywhere in the sea at any time.

So far, the discovery and catching of herring have been largely a hit-or-miss affair, the skippers of the drifters which go after the fish depending mainly upon instinct and lore as to the movements of their quarry, assisted by reports from Government research ships.

So scientific!

It has been Mr. Griffiths Dalton's idea that the fishing companies would willingly reward him generously if he could save them time and money by providing them with a scientific method by which their boats could proceed direct to the exact regions where the herring are lying densest and make quick and easy hauls.

No doubt they would, particularly as Dalton can offer to guarantee to locate the fish in an area a hundred yards square at any part of the ocean.

But Dalton is something more than a scientific herring-diviner. He is a kind of commercial philanthropist who has no wish to keep the profits of his knowledge and enterprise to himself, but prefers that they should be distributed among the shareholders of a company.

He has been promising big financial returns to a large number of small investors whom he has inspired with enthusiasm for his scheme to revolutionise the production of herring.

This would be all very well but for the fact that Dalton is a downright cheat and that his part in any plan for the scientific capturing of herring is a spoof one.

Many of his victims met him for the first time during their last summer holidays.

It seems to have been an essential part of his policy to live during the summer and autumn months at boarding-houses and private hotels in Blackpool, Redcar, Bridlington, Cromer and other seaside places where he laid the ground-bait for his own financial fishing operations later in the year.

He cultivated the society and acquaintanceship only of such holidaymakers as he was certain had some capital or savings. They accepted him for what he pretended to be—an accountant and broker—and always they found him to be a thoroughly charming and interesting fellow-guest.

Dalton was too astute to create any suspicion among his holiday friends that he was seeking to use their brief acquaintance for financial purposes.

Now and then, in the course of ordinary drawing-room or smoke-room talk, he would relate off-handedly a story of the manner in which some of his friends had obtained windfalls from a lucky speculation, and would mention casually to his audience that if ever he heard of a similar opportunity he would "pass on the tip" to them. That was as far as he ever went then.

In the weeks that followed, when the holiday parties had dispersed and scattered, Dalton wrote ordinary friendly letters to the people he had met at the seaside, usually enclosing with the first one, as an excuse for beginning the correspondence, some prints of snapshots which he had taken in the course of the holiday.

His letters always bore hotel addresses and never indicated that he had a home or place of business. But this gave no cause for suspicion, because he was supposed to be on journeys connected with his professional work.

Then, one day, would come a letter of a different kind to everyone he had met at the holiday resorts.

Early call

It was invariably a short, hurriedly written note to the effect that he was in possession of information which might be of some financial benefit to the friend he was addressing, and as it would be possible for him soon to be in the vicinity of his or her home, he would make an early personal call.

It was usual, of course, for Dalton on these occasions to be given the hospitality due to a friend who had himself proved so sociable and entertaining when first met, and who had sought to preserve the friendship after the holiday by correspondence.

To each family in which he was thus received, Dalton unfolded the secret of the manner in which the country was to be supplied with more and cheaper herring.

A company, he stated, named British Fisheries Research and Development, Ltd., with a nominal capital of £40,000, was in course of formation.

He was in a position to sell a few £100 blocks of the shares among friends he could trust not to divulge the secret, and he had sufficient "inside" information to justify the assertion that in a few months investors would receive an offer to buy their holdings at thrice the purchase price they had paid.

The purpose of the B.F.R. and D. Company, explained Dalton, was to prove to the large fishing companies the value of an invention by which fish in mass could be quickly and exactly located in the sea, and then to sell out to them the rights to use this new scientific device.

Dalton's supposed £40,000 company has never existed, and neither it nor he has the rights which he claims.

But the part of his story relating to the invention is strictly correct, although Dalton has had nothing to do with the development of it. And the invention has a far wider use than the mere detection of fish.

British engineers (working in collaboration with the Admiralty), Signor Marconi, and American scientists, have all, about the same time, evolved and perfected systems by which the depth of deep water can be instantly, mechanically, continuously and accurately ascertained.

The principle employed is that of sending electrical sound waves to the bottom of the ocean and measuring the time occupied by the echo in travelling from the sea bed to the ship discharging the waves.

As the speed of sound in water is one of the few completely constant things in the universe, the system is infallible.

When a ship is travelling and emitting electrical waves into the sea, the exact depth of water between her keel and the floor of the ocean is automatically recorded at every yard by a graph on paper.

Bearings can, therefore, be instantly found without recourse to lead-soundings and the economy of time and money is immense, apart from the measure of safety and speed permitted in fog.

The first result of the invention is, of course, that the charts of the seven seas, river estuaries and other waterways are being completely redrawn.

Many hitherto unknown and unsuspected facts regarding the ocean bed are being discovered daily, and almost every British ship of any size now returning home after a voyage is being equipped with the apparatus.

Other victims

In the early experiments with the recording instrument, it was found that it also reveals, by different markings, the presence of "obstructions" between the keel of the ship and the bottom of the sea.

By this method the position of the wreck of the *Lusitania*, unknown for nearly twenty years, was located a few weeks ago.

Engineers and scientists were, however, puzzled for a time by one specially peculiar set of markings which it was found the instrument recorded irregularly.

In the end, it was discovered that these were caused by the sound waves and echoes passing through fish-shoals and that the presence of herring was, for some reason, denoted with particular sensitiveness. A number of successful secret experiments have recently been conducted in the North Sea with a view to the installation of the equipment among the fishing fleets.

Mr. Griffiths Dalton had somehow apparently learned about these tests, and he saw in the novelty the idea of at least enriching himself from it by hawking shares in a fictitious company.

No one who parted with money has ever heard from him again, or been able to locate him. But he has gone on finding victims in many parts of the country.

BLACK *Soot* SWINDLE

MANY young men in various parts of the country have been sadly disillusioned as a result of their connection with the Marith Manufacturing Company, of Clements Road, Ilford, Essex.

When advertisements appeared calling for canvassers, and the wages mentioned were £2 a week plus commission, there was a quick response from a large number of unemployed men.

A typical experience is that of a young man living in the provinces.

It was explained that the work involved was the selling of a powder preparation for clearing chimneys of soot, and it was suggested that a young man of his ability should take over the position of district manager.

He paid £10 as security, at which juncture he was appointed to a branch office.

Unfortunately the new branch manager was quickly disillusioned. Wages were not forthcoming at the end of the first week. A message calling for an explanation was ignored.

But a week later he did receive a wages cheque for £2 from his employer, but this was returned "R.D."

This is, in fact, a contemptible ramp on a number of men who, in the hope of obtaining employment, managed at a great sacrifice to muster the sum demanded as security.

* * *

The branches of the Marith Manufacturing Company, which have been established at such towns as Gravesend, Canterbury, Margate, Folkestone, Felixstowe and Colchester, among others, have faded out of existence.

There have been many callers at the head office of the firm in Clements Road, Ilford, but the proprietor cannot now be found.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

Thanks to "White Lions"

PAIN AFTER EATING, GASTRITIS, ACIDITY—DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC!

Read this—
"Can Eat Bacon Now —Thanks to 'White Lions'"—

"I am more than pleased with the result of 'White Lions.' I have now been free from indigestion for the last month, although I have eaten bacon which before I dare not do. I had previously spent over £15 with our local doctor without any benefit."
(Testimonial No. 1105).

THOUSANDS of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fullness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1077), Popularly known as "White Lions."

This prescription is non-purgative—Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 Tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement; clean tongue; moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished; long, sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change.

Price 6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.

A trial will convince you that "White Lions" are

THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR ACID STOMACHS.

Special Book on Indigestion Cures, & on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B. 314) post free on request.

Below are further examples of Shadforth Prescriptions most in use at this Season of the year. They are the world's best prescriptions. Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a leading Pharmaceutical Chemist with more than 50 years' experience in the preparation of medicines is your Guarantee of their quality and worth.

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate *Your* Arteries

Strengthen *Your* Heart

and add years to your life!

IT is VITALLY IMPORTANT to keep your Arteries young, especially if you are over 40 years of age. Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries is now possible for those past their prime. "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse and sleeplessness. It leads to permanent restoration, and makes you feel years younger within a few days. **Get it now (Prescription No. 1106/T).** Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 10/6.

Descriptive Book (No. J.B. 299). Free on request.

BLADDER or KIDNEY TROUBLE

Can Make YOUR Life a MISERY

This amazing remedy has "worked wonders" in many distressing and considered hopeless cases

THOUSANDS of sufferers from Bladder and Kidney Troubles have been COMPLETELY RESTORED by "Shadforters," the famous Shadforth remedy. Mr. Shadforth (world's leading dispensing chemist) is continually receiving letters of thanks from grateful and overjoyed users. What they have done for others they can also do for you.

A PROVED REMEDY For CHILL or COLD on KIDNEYS, BACKACHE, SCIATICA, Etc.

"SHADFORTERS" (Shadforth Brand) Bladder Comforters are prescribed for Liver, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, such as Cystitis, Prostatitis, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, Gravel, Scalding, and constant getting up at nights. Immediately all day and all night, painlessly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, soothe and heal. They expel what is harmful. They succeed when other remedies have failed. Stop worrying! Start taking this proved remedy now, and be quickly restored. Ask for **"SHADFORTERS" (Shadforth Bladder Comforters, Prescription No. 285).** Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

A Special Book (J.B. 254) on the subject can be obtained Post Free on request.

WHEN you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take **"SHADPHOS"** (Brain Sparklers). They will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded, worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

"SHADPHOS"

There is nothing like them. They are not a "patent medicine." They are what your doctor would advise. But what a difference they make! In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you.

EQUALLY GOOD FOR MEN, and all for a few shillings. Ask for "Shadphos." Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 5/- (100).

Can be taken alternately with No. 632 (see opposite). That is, take No. 470 for a few days and then No. 632 for a few days. Do this and you will feel A NEW MAN OR WOMAN.

Special Book dealing with Nerve Troubles (No. J.B. 217) Post Free.

A Spoonful a Day Keeps the Doctor Away

The Best Morning Saline for Biliousness, Constipation, Disordered Stomach, Sluggish Liver. Prices: 3d., 6d., and 1/- In airtight canisters.

NEVERILL
SHADFORTH
"OLD SALTS"
3d. 6d. & 1/- PER TIN

MOTHER!! Do you know that operations on Children for ENLARGED TONSILS and ADENOIDS are now definitely out of date?

A well-known English doctor has drawn up a most successful treatment which can be carried out easily at home. It is causing a sensation in the medical world, and is claimed to be one of the most important recent advances in medicine. This bloodless treatment, which has saved hundreds of operations, is specially dispensed with full directions for 7/6. Ask for the **Shadforth Treatment for Enlarged Tonsils and Adenoids (No. 331 TAD). Septic Tonsils and Nasal obstructions in adults** are also conquered without operation, pain or loss of blood.

HEART TROUBLE

BLUE LION FOX NUTS ALWAYS GIVE RELIEF

DON'T be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart.

It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. **Shadforth Tonic No. 632** (known as "Blue Lion" Fox Nuts) will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. **Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632.** Prices: 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, rundown conditions, and stops your falling to pieces feeling.

Can be taken alternately with No. 470 "Shadphos" (Brain Sparklers) with marked benefit. (See opposite.) Order one of each and quickly feel 10 YEARS YOUNGER!

Book dealing with Heart Trouble (J.B. 320) Free on request.

WINTER COUGHS and COLDS

The New Chest and Lung Tonic

ONE of the latest products of the Shadforth Laboratories prescribed for common Winter coughs, colds, and chest troubles in adults when asthma and bronchitis are absent.

Gives quick relief and comfort, promotes restful nights; good for aged patients.

When mixed with sugar and water as directed, makes 2 pints of the World's Best Chest and Lung Tonic. **Shadforth Prescription No. 617.** Price: 3/- per bottle.

USE THIS SOOTHING, WARMING LUNG TONIC AND STOP THAT COUGH!

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PILES! *Prompt Relief!*

Tonic Laxative Treatment quickly relieves and soothes Hæmorrhoids, associated with Constipation, Sluggish Liver, ensures regular bowel movements, improves nerves and increases energy. **Ask for Shadforth Complete fourfold Hæmorrhoid Treatment No. 294, D.D. Price 7/9.**

The Shadforth Book on Pile Treatment (J.B. 325) Free on request.

You can obtain Shadforth Prescriptions from Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, your local chemists, or post free at these prices direct from

SHADFORTH

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KEEP the body warm by exercise, friction and clothing. Don't live in hot rooms and get warm by going too near fires. Use the following directions with each:—

(1) Chilblain Ointment (No. 582) for unbroken Chilblains. Price 1/3.

(2) Chilblain Tablets (No. 586), for increasing the density of the blood. Price 1/3 and 2/-.

(3) Birch Tar Soap, for washing and stimulating the skin. (No. 930) Price 1/-

Special Booklet dealing with Chilblains (J.B. 325) Free on request.

Shocking Children's Hospital Tragedy

NO newspaper or person ever willingly or lightly criticises a British hospital, because every institution of the kind in this country—without exception—has a noble record of service. Of all the hospitals in the land which minister exclusively to sick and suffering children probably none has a better record than one at Birkenhead, known as the Wirral Hospital.

Notwithstanding that fact, JOHN BULL considers that it is necessary in the general interest to make known the details of one of the saddest and most terrible cases which has ever emanated from that or any other hospital.

The incidents which have to be related are not pleasant. They will anger every parent who becomes aware of them. They have to be told as the only possible means of forcing official enquiry and action, so that the same kind of thing may be prevented from happening again in any branch of the hospital service.

It was in the hope that publicity in this case might have the result of saving other parents from a repetition of the causes for the mental agony they are enduring that a father and mother living in Lower Bebington, Cheshire, laid certain information before us regarding their baby daughter.

Our statement of the facts is made after an investigation based on that information and undertaken with the same purpose with which it was submitted to us.

The father concerned is an engineer in a Government department, and both he and his wife have offered willingness to the use of their names and full address

The Editor of JOHN BULL, however, does not, in the circumstances, consider that it is necessary to reveal the identity of these parents, or that such a course is desirable in the future interests of their child. For the purposes of the narrative the family will be called Brown, and their baby Jane.

Mother's protest

The events began ten months ago, when Jane was only twenty months old. She then contracted pneumonia, and was admitted to the Wirral Children's Hospital.

Although the child's condition had been critical for a time, the hospital authorities considered that she had sufficiently recovered to instruct her parents to take their baby daughter home after eighteen days.

When the mother went to collect the infant at the institution, she made a formal protest that Jane still appeared to be so ailing and weak that the decision to discharge her seemed premature.

The baby had only been back in her home for half an hour when Mrs. Brown found grave reason for suspicion and anxiety. A part of the child's body was raw and inflamed, there was a free discharge of what the mother supposed was

Capt. Graham, M.P. for Wirral, Cheshire, would do a great service if he pressed the Minister of Health to bring about an enquiry into the case stated here

acid, and little Jane screamed continuously in pain. She could not sit and could not eat or drink milk or water.

For two days the baby's condition became quickly worse, and the mother took her back to the hospital. There Mrs. Brown was told that what she had taken to be acid had been produced by the pneumonia.

The lungs were tested and declared to be in a satisfactory state. The mother was instructed to take her child home, and was given a bottle of cough mixture to administer to it.

How unsatisfactory this examination and treatment were will be seen from what was to follow.

For the next twelve days, while the cough mixture was being given, the baby suffered more and more and, as time passed, exhibited the first symptoms in more intensive form.

Mrs. Brown felt all the time that the treatment prescribed was not a proper one in relation to the real cause of her baby's illness, whatever it was.

In despair, she then went back to the hospital with Jane. Something had happened in the interval to make the hospital officials more concerned on this occasion. What that something was will be tragically apparent later in the story.

This time the hospital received the child with deeper anxiety. Preparations began as soon as it arrived for a complete examination—in which the condition of its lungs was now disregarded.

As should have been done in the first instance, a swab was taken from the part which was causing such great suffering.

After the examination a sealed letter addressed to a specialist at the Birkenhead General Hospital was handed to the mother, and she was told in the meantime to take the baby home, but to present it and the letter to the doctor named four days later.

Mrs. Brown asked, of course, to be told what was wrong with her baby. "Oh," she was informed—no doubt with kindly intentions—"it is only a microbe which she has perhaps picked up in the garden."

It will be seen from the subsequent events that it was unjustifiably foolish not only to attempt to placate the mother with such a suggestion, but also to send the baby home again to be in contact with its little brothers and sisters.

Another case

At the appointed time four days later the mother carried the child to the General Hospital and handed in the sealed letter which was addressed to the specialist.

Mrs. Brown was shown into a waiting hall where about thirty women were seated awaiting attention.

As she entered, one of the women rose and rushed towards her as if making to push her out. "You mustn't take your baby into this place," cried this woman, and the other women endorsed her remark with a chorus of assent.

"But," stammered Mrs. Brown, "I have been told to bring my baby here. It is she who is ill, not me."

Some of the women screamed in horror. Then the mother knew. She was in the venereal disease department of the hospital. She swooned.

Ten minutes later the doctor told her the worst. Her baby was suffering from a non-hereditary but serious form of the disease, acquired by contact.

As Mrs. Brown left the hospital, one of the women she had first encountered approached her and mentioned that it was a strange fact that she had heard that another baby, which had also been a patient in the Wirral Children's Hospital, had been taken to the General Hospital suffering from the same disease!

Mrs. Brown's twenty months old child was admitted to the Clatterbridge County Hospital *The baby has now been there for more than eight months.*

Mrs. Brown went to the Children's Hospital and asked how it was that Jane, admitted with pneumonia, had become infected by this terrible disease. She was told that the hospital did not admit any responsibility.

She then demanded to know if it was true that another baby which had been in the hospital had also been found afterwards to be similarly afflicted. And, if so, was the second baby in the hospital at the same time as Jane and who were its parents?

She was refused any information.

Parents' offer

Mr. and Mrs. Brown resolved that it was in the public interest that the whole truth should be established. They inserted a well-phrased advertisement in a local newspaper and were able thereby to get in touch with the parents of the other child.

It had been in the hospital at the same time as Jane and, on being sent home, its father and mother were also gravely concerned about its condition. When it was returned to the hospital, the disease had been diagnosed.

A comparison of the dates showed that the discovery had been made just after Mrs. Brown had been given the cough mixture for her child. That was why, when she took it there on the second occasion, the hospital officials dealt with it in a completely different manner.

The other baby has since been in hospital for four months for treatment, so it is clear from the longer detention of Jane that her case is much the more serious one.

Both sets of parents offered to the authorities to submit themselves to medical examination to prove that they were free from suspicion for the contraction of the disease by their children.

The barrier

They were told that this was unnecessary because the form of the disease was non-hereditary and, whatever its origin, the infection had been by contacts, either of the body, clothing, or linen.

The Children's Hospital repudiates guilt or liability.

The facts have been presented by solicitors to the Minister of Health, but he prefers not to take any action because the hospital is not one administered by a local authority.

This kind of stone wall should be broken down. Parliament itself should order the Minister of Health to use his utmost powers to bring about some form of enquiry which would save little children from ever again being exposed to this peril in any public hospital.

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The complete work has been compiled by a board of 100 scholars and experts. In the ordinary way a 12-volume work of such magnificence as this would cost at least £4 4s. Yet, through the medium of this new JOHN BULL Presentation, it is made available to every home in the land for only a few shillings.

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SOMETHING really new in clubs! The "Sixt" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send p.c. NOW for cats'ogue.—Geo. Day, Ltd. (Dept. 2), 29, Altrincham Street, Manchester, 1.

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CATARRH sufferers: Don't overlook the Allan Cooper offer on page 35. Fill in the free coupon, which will bring you particulars, without cost or obligation, of how you can rid yourself of catarrh and its kindred ailments.

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FREE to sufferers from leg troubles. Fill in the coupon on the Back Cover or write to the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 18), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, for a free sample of ELASTO, the new biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, the "Story of Elasto," fully explaining how this great blood revitaliser cures through the blood. Turn to the back cover.

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A FREE copy of PENNINGS' "Every Mother's Book" & "Everybody's Doctor," two important books published by a firm of over 70 years' standing, will be sent to every reader who writes, mentioning *John Bull*, to Alfred Pennings, Cowes, Isle of Wight. This offer appears on p 29.

FILL in the coupon in the BOURNVILLE Cocoa announcement on page 31. It will bring, by return, a copy of a 60-page gift book, describing and illustrating the numerous varieties of gifts offered in exchange for coupons from BOURNVILLE Cocoa. Post coupon in unsealed envelope (postage ½d.).

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S. W. SMEDLEY, guiding genius of Western Produce Canners, has recently given the biggest order for tins for canning home-grown produce which has ever been placed in this country. South Wales, which produces the special variety of tin-plate required, benefits by a gigantic order for enough tin-plate to roof completely a fair-sized town. The recent rise of the Canning Industry in this country to a position of national importance has largely been due to the untiring work and far-seeing vision of Mr. Smedley. This recent order for 75 million cans is just another proof of the growth of Mr. Smedley's business, and illustrate how also industries of widely divergent kinds benefit from the establishment of a sound British Canning Industry in these islands.

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A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable health-endangering habit.—Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N8.

Two Sham CHARITIES

JUDGING from the enquiries daily reaching me, it is time that I issued a further warning to the public regarding the activities of charity collectors whose appeals are unworthy of support.

From all parts of the country I regularly receive letters asking if this or that charity is genuine, and unfortunately in many cases I have to return a very definite negative.

For the number of dubious organisations, spreading their collecting propaganda before the public, is steadily on the increase. Therefore a new warning is necessary, particularly as, at the outset of each year, these black charities are always more than usually active. They hope, I imagine, to gain revenue from the good resolutions of the charitable.

My attention has recently been called to an outburst of subscription-collecting on behalf of "The Mitigator," a *society* —the italics are mine— which purports to aid poor children and distressed families.

From a leaflet issued, I quote the following:—

"'The Mitigator' has never yet refused to assist any deserving case of distress regardless of creed, and within the last few years no fewer than 1,500 distributions have been made to those in need of help. Proof of this may be seen at the Head Office.

"The good work carried on by 'The Mitigator' has naturally created a greater demand on its resources, and funds are urgently needed to keep pace with the appeals from genuine destitute individuals.

"Won't you help those less fortunate than yourself by giving what you can afford?

"Parcels of clothing would be much appreciated.

"Head office:—

43, Liddell Gardens, Kensal Rise, London, N.W.19."

There are other leaflets of a similar appealing nature, in which emphasis is laid on the need for assistance to "large numbers of poor children on the verge of starvation."

Complete sham

And a list is set out, on "The Mitigator" letter paper of the work undertaken, which is said to include:—"Distribution of clothing; relief investigation; food tickets; coal tickets; assistance with rent; free meals; country outings; children's holidays; surgical aid letters; Christmas dinners."

Investigations which I have had carried out show that "The Mitigator" is a completely sham charity, unworthy of any support.

It was founded by one Lewis Thring, and he became "The Mitigator." Before this enterprise he was associated with other undeserving charities, and was at one time employed by the notorious Westminster Charity Committee, which has been widely condemned.

The "head office" of "The Mitigator" is just a room which Thring rents at 43, Liddell Gardens—a road of small villas. Thring attends there—keeping no regular office hours—to deal with his correspondence and receive the money gathered by the collectors he employs. These collectors are allowed to take a third of all the contributions they obtain as their wages, and the balance is returned weekly to Thring.

In the written instructions which Thring issues to his paid-on-commission collectors, he emphasises this point:—

"Do not collect from anyone in the streets or other public place. You must go from house to house or shops."

Thring, of course, knows that there would be a quick prosecution of his collectors if they ventured on street collections.

One of my representatives called at "The Mitigator" office and asked for a balance-sheet of the society. It was not forthcoming. Neither could he secure any details of the "1,500 distributions made to those in need of help."

So far as I can ascertain, "The Mitigator" has never issued a balance-sheet or an annual report. Neither does its alleged committee function in the way expected of a society appealing to the public for funds.

A former secretary of "The Mitigator" resigned her post on realising that the charitable service was negligible. During her term of office there was not a single committee meeting. Thring alone was the controlling personality.

Frowned on

In all these circumstances it is not surprising to find that this particular society is unfavourably regarded in official charity circles.

Other collectors have lately been working different parts of London and the home counties, seeking, by house to house visitation, donations towards a "charity" which calls itself the Eleventh Hour Rescue Society.

A brief reference to this concern appeared some time ago in JOHN BULL, and the information now before me demands a fuller disclosure.

From my dossier I find that the Eleventh Hour Rescue Society was started by a young man by the name of Stanley Arthur Pugh. The society is really Pugh's own private venture.

Pugh was formerly the secretary of the "Down and Outs" Society—yet another suspicious organisation. He broke away from his "Down and Outs" associates, and the new Eleventh Hour Rescue Society was established with offices in one room above a shop in York Road, Lambeth.

Not only did Pugh copy the methods of the "Down and Outs"; he even reproduced the same kind of scrappy literature, with its flamboyant message that "poverty is often the forerunner of Crime, Hunger of Depression. Depression of Suicide."

Ostensibly the Eleventh Hour Rescue Society exists to provide free meals and lodging for the unfortunate derelicts of Central London. Pugh also talks about a scheme "to erect and maintain a hostel near Westminster Bridge, where we can put up 100 men for the night and provide them with supper and breakfast absolutely free."

Figures supplied to me indicate that the amount of relief given is small in comparison with the society's revenue. The greater proportion of the funds goes to that useful umbrella item of expenses.

Young women collectors employed by Pugh are allowed, as payment for their work, as much as 50 per cent. of their takings. One girl who was prosecuted by the police for collecting in the street for the society, stated that she earned £4 a week on this commission basis.

Evidence given in that case showed that of five women engaged by Pugh for collecting, four had no fixed homes.

"The Mitigator" claims to help needy children with his charity - proceeds; we warn readers to turn a deaf ear o his appeals, nevertheless

Official action?

Ample reason therefore exists for adding the Eleventh Hour Rescue Society to my Black List. The society is certainly not a genuine charity.

Really it is a public scandal that such organisations as "The Mitigator" and the Eleventh Hour should continue to exist. But as the law stands they are free to carry on.

Home Office authorities are now considering the problem of introducing measures to curb such abuses of charity. I hope that something definite will soon result; meanwhile it is only by warnings such as I have here given that unpleasant activities of charity adventurers can be curtailed.

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And one of the most human and understanding, too, seeing that it is the core and kernel of JOHN BULL'S unique Free Family Insurance Scheme.

Here we receive the coupons that entitle every sender, at no cost whatsoever, to the full protection of a wide and generous scheme that is without counterpart.

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And here, too, we receive the letters that give reality to our offer—the letters of JOHN BULL readers in distress, probably many of whom felt when they sent in their coupons that they were hardly likely ever to want our help.

With many of them, at the moment, it is a tragedy of the recent great floods. JOHN BULL alone protects you when storm, tempest or floods ruin your household furniture or personal effects.

Then many more tell us of fires that have destroyed their homes and their hopes.

During January last damage by fire in this country amounted to more than £800,000—an appalling figure showing how great is the damage and how necessary it is to safeguard your home.

We hear, too, in this busy room about homes burgled and rifled of precious possessions. JOHN BULL pays up to £200 for loss by burglary or housebreaking. We are told of gas explosions, of accidents in home and garden, of sports mishaps, of the broken limbs of children at play—because we stand at our readers' sides to help, and not only to sympathise, whenever such tragedies befall them.

Our readers come to us with other troubles. Sickness, for instance, for which there are benefits for which no other paper provides. And, as showing the wide humanity of our scheme, we see that where a widow registers for the help that is so essential in her case, an only son or daughter who is her breadwinner comes under our protection, too, both being covered by a single registration.

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In that same room secretaries are sending out the cheques that for many families are going to avert utter ruin.

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And last of all, in that room we receive the letters that are reward enough to us —the letters of thanks.

"You have seen us through," says one. And another: "Without your help we should have been hopeless."

Says a third: "You have stabilised my faith in JOHN BULL and all humanity." A fourth: "Signing was the wisest thing I have done since I married."

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The coupon is on page 35. You will be a much happier person when it has reached the room we have described.

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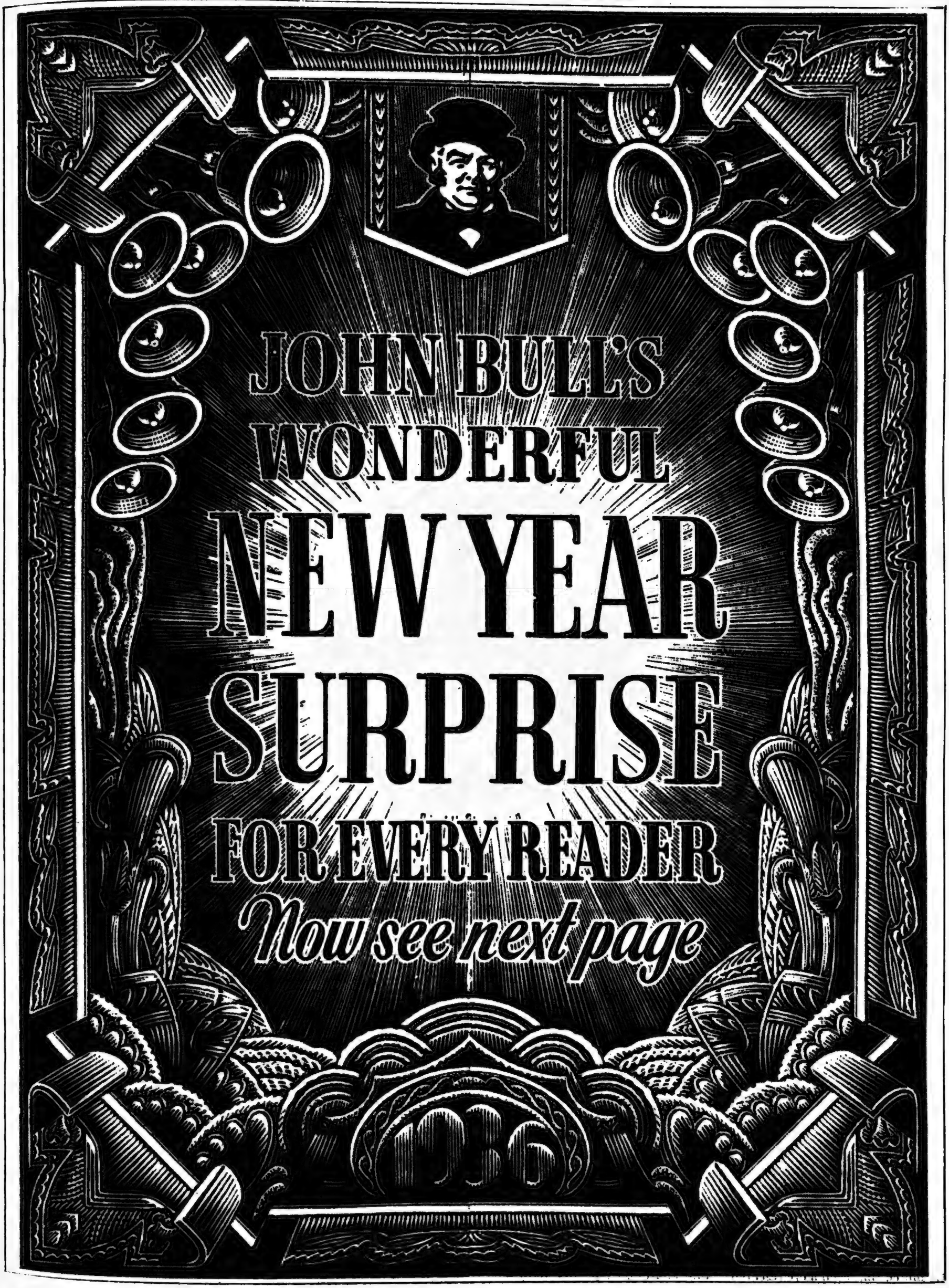
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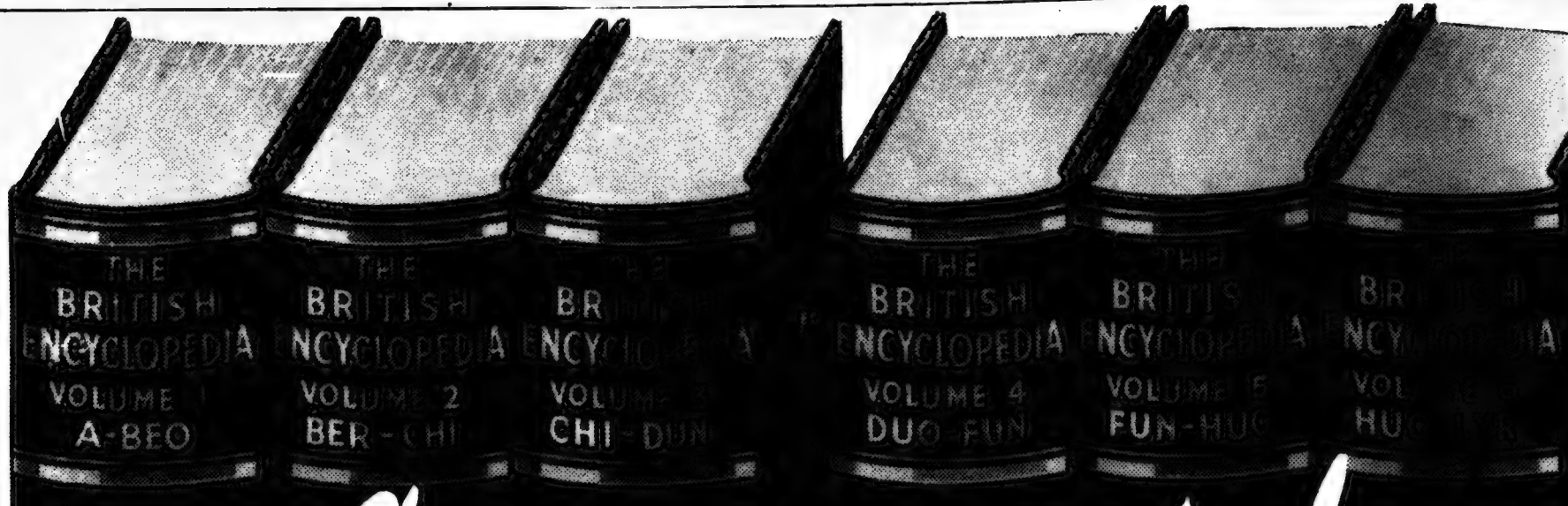

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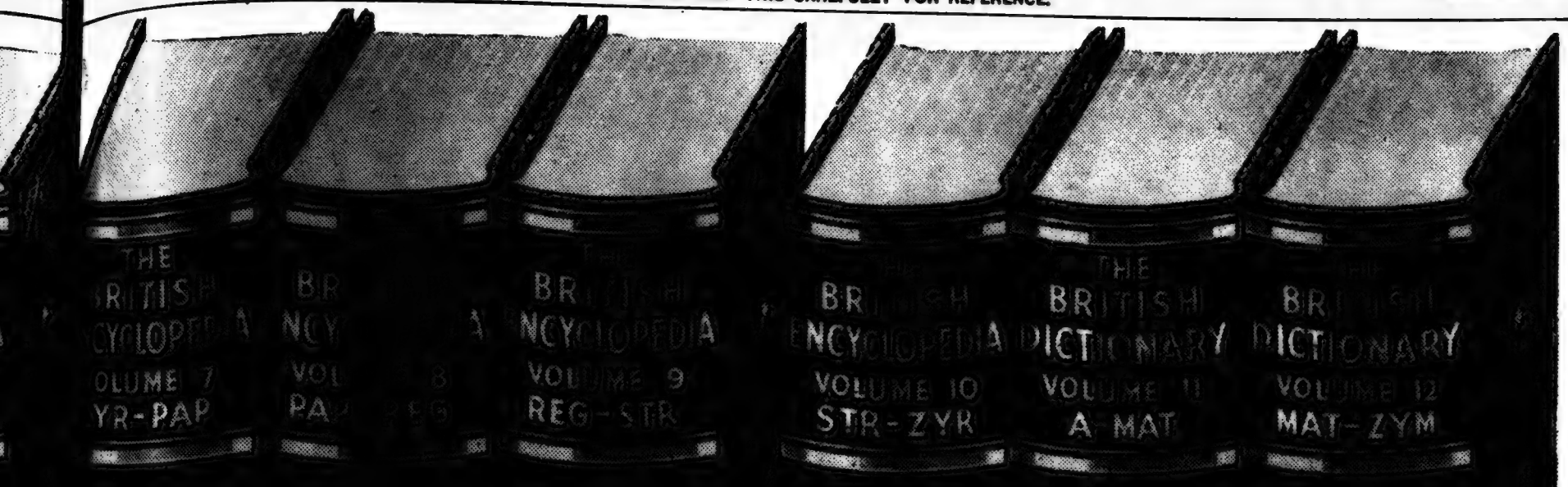

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The PLOTS on Paradise Island

THERE are some gift horses it is certainly wise to look in the mouth, and whenever we find a commercial concern generously offering to make handsome presents to perfect strangers we always advocate caution.

We are moved to these observations because of an unusual land scheme for the disposal of plots of land in Majorca.

It is a far cry from London with its fog and rain to Majorca, the "Island of Paradise," set in the sparkling blue waters of the Mediterranean. For that reason it is not surprising that many people who have become a little weary of our climate have been attracted by offers of "free" plots of land on this delectable island.

Last summer a concern called the Mallorca Development Company was established in a small and unimpressive office in Regent Street, and was then launching a campaign in the Press and advertising in the following strain:

WIN A PLOT OF LAND IN MAJORCA FREE.

To popularise beautiful beach of Paguera. Fifty plots given to fifty best slogans for this new resort.

Possession of plot carries no obligation—only expense is cost of title deeds. Send slogans to Mallorca Development Company, Regent Street, S.W.

Many people responded by sending in slogans, and in due course were favoured with printed cards notifying them that they had been awarded a "Free Freehold Lot" in Paguera, the new resort of Majorca—the "Island of Paradise."

But there was also a demand for "legal costs for the transfer of the 'free' plot."

Beautiful view

A Northumbrian reader received a cheery letter from the London agent for the Mallorca Development Company, in this connection asking for a cheque for £6 16s. 6d.

The London agent then casually mentioned that the size of the plot, which had a beautiful view overlooking the sea, was 23 ft. by 69 ft.—and that similar plots were being sold for £18 10s.

Such generosity was indeed intriguing. For if the plots were worth this money, why give them away?

It was at this period that a certain peer was offered one of these free plots, as were a number of actresses and other well-known people.

A woman journalist unwisely nibbled at the bait, paid the requisite fees, and then went out to Majorca to have a look at her "free" plot.

Her opinion, expressed in a letter, is not satisfactory. She says that she has sent a letter to the London office asking for the return of her money "as the whole thing is so disappointing."

She adds pathetically, "What can I say when I get back, except that it is a wash-out?"

Meanwhile, the Mallorca Development Company appears to have a counterpart in the Majorca Land Development Syndicate, Ltd., of London. It has a nominal capital of £2,000 divided into 40,000 1s. shares.

Half of these shares have been allotted to the London agent of the defunct Mallorca Development Company, "for services rendered."

Small office

So with this capital this second company, operating from a small office in Regent Street, has started its ambitious task of acquiring, improving and cultivating lands and hereditaments in Majorca!

During the past few months attractive brochures describing the delights of Paguera, Majorca, have been sent out broadcast to all and sundry.

The nicely printed brochure, complete with entrancing pictures of sandy beach, shady trees, and delightful landscape views, which has been distributed, explains, "Why you should buy property, and own a house in Ataleya-Paguera, Majorca."

The main reasons are cleverly arranged, beginning with the wonderful climate and perpetual sunshine. The cost of living is low, taxation is negligible, and the "new Beach resort is now created."

In fact, everything in this Island of Paradise is low from the price of land to the cost of building.

To whet the appetite of the prospective buyer, he is told that an acre of land and a house can be bought for £750, which is described as a "wonderful investment."

For ourselves, we should hesitate until this new resort on the shores of the blue Mediterranean had become a little more developed before we parted with our money.

It is evident that the campaign of selling and "giving away" plots of land has been carried on in Paris, Madrid, and other important Continental towns during the past few months with considerable success.

We find that the organising genius behind the original Mallorca Development Company was Mr. R. L. S. Mortimer, who is now active in connection with the Majorca Land Development Syndicate, Ltd.

Free sites

The dormant Mallorca Development Company was formed abroad with a capital of 200,000 pesetas, of which 100,000 shares were issued and paid.

Mortimer admitted recently that 80,000 pesetas out of the 100,000 had "been spent before constitution" of the company. The actual cash available being 20,000 pesetas, which amounts to about £550 in our currency.

Not a very large sum with which to build roads and develop the marvellous beach estate at Paguera, Majorca, on the Island of Paradise!

Then Mortimer, who was "financial adviser with full powers," decided to resign and, according to him, the Mallorca Development Company has since "had no management." In spite of his organising ability and financial genius, Mortimer says that he received no salary.

The original scheme was to obtain an option on the Paguera beach, and on some rather inaccessible land in the neighbourhood called Camp de Mar. The bright idea was to give away free plots on the Camp de Mar property in the hope that people would eventually "come to Palma and buy expensive and good Paguera land in exchange for their disappointing free plot"!

Altogether a pretty scheme.

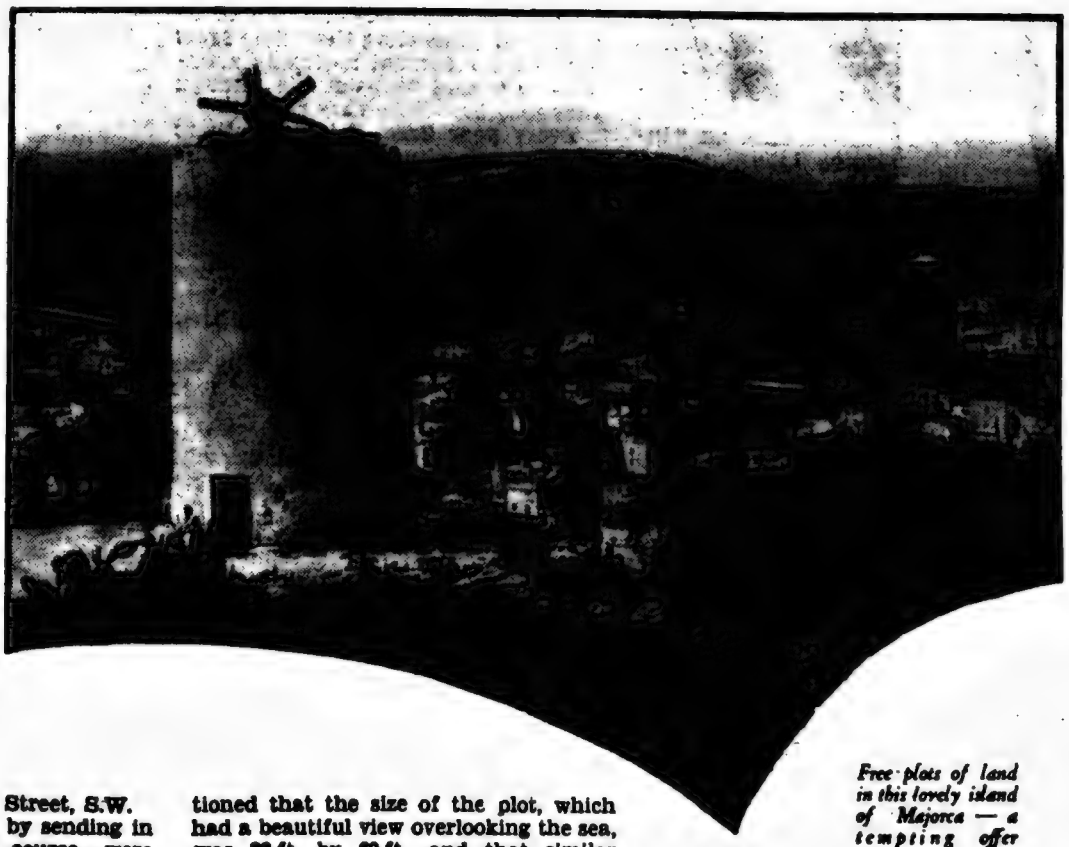
When the Mallorca Development Company faded out of the picture the next move on the part of Mortimer and his friends was to float the Majorca Land Development Syndicate, Ltd., in London.

Tread carefully

But once again Mr. R. L. S. Mortimer does not appear among the list of directors. He prefers to blush with becoming modesty in the background, while other people have been recruited to take the front stage position among the directors.

It is possible, of course, that Mr. Mortimer with characteristic disinterestedness may once again be acting in the capacity of financial adviser—unpaid! Certainly he is active at the London office of the company.

Reviewing the whole situation, we feel that intending investors should tread very carefully before parting with their money in this new Island Paradise scheme.



Free plots of land in this lovely island of Majorca — a tempting offer indeed

AMAZING LAND SCHEME

The Human Machine

It's Not Manly!

IT is a common failing of humanity to resent in others what we do not happen to have ourselves. People who sneer at others are usually either envious of them or a little frightened of them. When a weak man jeers at a strong man, he is wishing all the time he had the strength of character that he is pretending to despise.

Lots of people think that boasting and bravado are signs of real manhood. They're not. Manhood implies a combination of physical and moral courage, modesty, coolness and common-sense. It implies a willingness to help the weak and protect the helpless. It implies a firm determination to endeavour always to do right.

A real man, who is aware of his own strength, and who knows he can rely on himself, will never waste his time picking holes in others.

For the truth is that people who spend their time sitting in judgment on their fellows are displaying nothing more praiseworthy than vanity and a love of posing—both signs of real weakness and self-distrust.

Dean Inge once remarked that it is only those who half envy the wicked who are so anxious to roast them! And few truer things have ever been said about those half-wits who think they have a divine right to block all progress and stifle all ambition.

"I dare do all that may befit a man," said Macbeth, "who dares do more is none": and it is only reckless fools who try to do more, people who have no real conception of either manhood or life.

It is only a fool who fails to recognise sincerity when he sees it, and who tries to prevent others rising from the low level that contents him.

Your duty is to fit yourself for your place in life by any means you can. If you are conscientiously doing it, you can well afford to let other people think what they will. You will have the last laugh.

SAVE the

JOHN BU

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Shames th

Sir Kingsley Wood's speech on the maternity death rate, instead of outlining future action, was merely full of information we have known for years

AN outstanding feature of the correspondence JOHN BULL received during its enquiry some time ago into "What's Wrong with the Hospitals?" was the enormous number of complaints about the maternity services.

These services are, of course, part of the hospitals system. But so tragic were many of our readers' experiences, so scandalous were the conditions revealed, that we decided to make a special investigation into these services. Especially so since it involved an issue of the gravest national urgency—the terrible problem of maternal mortality and the methods taken to combat it.

The urgent need for a full enquiry seemed to us more than ever necessary after the speech in the House of Commons by Sir Kingsley Wood, just after his appointment as Minister of Health, in which he was expected to outline the future action to be taken to reduce the climbing figure of maternal mortality.

That speech was full of sad admissions and pious hopes, full of information which has been common knowledge for at least ten years. For instance—"the unsolved problem of the unreduced maternal mortality rate . . . is a complex problem, and its solution will require patience, constant research and active endeavour."

More research!

Later, to a deputation from Industrial Women's Organisations which asked for salaried midwifery services and other action by local authorities, Sir Kingsley referred again to the "constant attention, research and patience" required, and said that when the results of "special enquiries now proceeding by officers of my department with the assistance of a distinguished specialist" are received "it will be possible to decide the next step."

He hinted that even more research and expert investigation was on the way.

More than seven years ago (in June, 1928) a Departmental Committee on Maternal Mortality was appointed by Mr. Neville Chamberlain, one of Sir Kingsley's predecessors. It sat for four years making an "intensive investigation" of the whole position.

It even sent experts abroad to Denmark, Sweden, Holland and other countries where the mortality rate was low, to compare their methods with our own. In 1932 this Committee reported, and made sweeping recommendations for a clean-up of the country's maternity services.

Four years afterwards, practically nothing has been done. There are only plans for still more research. The main recommendations of the Departmental Committee have been ignored. Hardly any pressure has been brought to bear on recalcitrant local authorities. Only about one-third of the total apply their powers with regard to maternity services, and then only in a small degree.

One of the most familiar headlines to all newspaper readers is "New Government Plans to Save Mothers." It appears with steady regularity whenever there is a chance that a Minister of Health will make a statement on the subject. But the wish must be father to the thought. There are never any plans of moment—certainly little or no action.

Cost of cuts

The comparison of the Government's intentions—and deeds—in the face of the mothers' death-roll is well expressed in two contrasting speeches by Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

In January last year, when opening a maternity home at Stourport in Worcestershire, he said, referring to the death-rate, "It does seem a terrible thing that civilisation should have to pay this price for maternity."

But in June, 1928 (a few days after he had appointed the Departmental Committee already mentioned), he said, referring to some economy cuts, "I came to the conclusion that there were only two ways in which the necessary saving could be effected. One was to stop for the time being any further development of maternity and child welfare, and the other was to make some reduction in the grants paid for the supply of milk."

In a previous circular he had stated that he could save £12,000 by limiting milk grants for expectant mothers and children. Was that the "price of maternity"?

When we survey the field of Government efforts to efface what Sir Kingsley Wood has called "this great blot on our national health records," we can find only instance after instance of evasion, neglect and failure to adopt even those elementary practical measures which lie close at hand.

Therein lies the chief reason for the present situation of the maternity services and for those conditions which JOHN BULL will describe.

There is absolutely nothing to be gained by concealing the prime facts about the maternal mortality scandal—ugly and unpalatable though they may be. Here they are:

Every year 3,000 British mothers die through childbirth and its immediate complications.

While the death-rate from most diseases has been steadily falling during the past decade, the average mortality rate from motherhood has been steadily *rising*. In 1923 it was 4.83 per thousand births; in 1933 it was 5.94.

Maternity, as Mr. Chamberlain has reminded us, "is not a disease; it is a physiological function of a perfectly natural character." But it already counts as a "dangerous occupation" and, according to the Registrar-General's returns, its toll surpasses the so-called "killer"

diseases. On the basis of individual risk, and taking the population as a whole, *the hazard from maternity is now twice as great as the death risk from heart disease, tuberculosis and cancer among women of child-bearing age.*

That is the position to-day. How is it to be explained and how is it to be cured?

There was some grim material for consideration—and "immediate action" as official memos say—in the 1932 Departmental Committee's report.

That Committee, which enquired into 2,000 cases of maternal deaths, taken from all over the country, stated that 48 per cent. of them were "avoidable."

And of the thousand mothers who should not have died, nearly half died because of various medical inadequacies. There was, said the report, "*errors of judgment in practice or treatment by doctors or midwives in 17 per cent. of the deaths; lack of reasonable facilities for effective medical care in 5 per cent. of the cases.*"

JOHN BULL will deal later on with certain things which may explain some of those "errors of judgment in

(*Continued on page 25*)

MOTHERS!

Begins that Nation

It is the business of the nation to see that every mother—like this one—has her baby brought into the world with the utmost in skill, care and service

practice or treatment," matters like the lamentably poor training in obstetrics that the average doctor and midwife receive.

Every now and then some politician assures us that the problem is "baffling" or "mysterious." In almost the next breath another will admit (as did Mr. Shakespeare, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, not long ago) that more than half the mothers need not have died.

If this mortality is preventable, as it is, and its various factors known, as they are, then why the "mystery"?

When we look abroad at other countries, like Holland, Sweden and Denmark, we find that they have a maternal mortality rate which is only half as big as ours. Why? And why do we find one district in this country with a death-rate of 10 per thousand, while another a few miles away has only 2?

Bad housing, unemployment, malnutrition, are some of the favourite explanations. But while all these three may play some part, they are simply not the real reason.

If so, why should well-to-do Bournemouth have a death-rate of more than 6 and poverty-stricken Bethnal Green less than 2? Why should fashionable Kensington lose 5.2 mothers per thousand while only 1.8 die in West Ham?

If we compare towns where social conditions are more or less similar we get the same contrasts. In Wigan the maternal death-rate for 1933 was 7.08 per thousand, in Gateshead 2.55. In Huddersfield the rate was 8.81; in Rochdale 2.71.

There is one explanation of this national tragedy, one which is a constant factor where the mortality rate is high, and almost non-existent where it is low. And that is—*bad and inadequate maternity services.*

There are many links in the chain of these services—maternity hospitals, clinics, general practitioners, midwives, health visitors and so on—but we shall deal first with the hospitals, because the facts there provide some of the most telling sidelights on the whole problem.

Here we wish to make it clear that in our opinion "hospitalisation" on a general and national scale will *not* provide a certain solution for it.

Nevertheless, the hospitals are the first—and the last—line of defence against maternal mortality. It is from them that knowledge and new methods should emerge to lessen childbirth risks; and to them should come all the "difficult" and the dangerous cases.

In addition, the hospitals are being called upon to play an ever-increasing part in handling normal births. Thousands of women now want to have their babies born in hospitals, many of them because of the stoppage of maternity benefit under the Unemployment Insurance scheme, others because the havoc of years of unemployment has made their homes totally unfit places for confinement.

The extent of this demand can be gathered from the hospital returns made by the various local authorities. One city alone—Liverpool—recorded last year a 60 per cent. increase over the previous year in the use of maternity beds.

Even before the recent national increase in the demand, the number of beds in maternity hospitals and wards was quite inadequate for the needs, and to-day there is overcrowding on an appalling scale.

According to the last report of the Chief Medical Officer, there is a *total of only 7,245 beds to serve the whole country.* Of that number, 3,926—more than half—are in the transferred Poor Law institutions.

The four greatest cities of the provinces—Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester—with a combined population of more than three and a half millions, possess between them only 1,282 hospital beds for expectant mothers.

Hard figures

In these figures we find the first of the many bitter comparisons which can be drawn between the maternity services of this country and elsewhere. Denmark, for instance, with a total population roughly equivalent to these four cities, possesses over 19,000 hospital beds, any of which, because of their special organisation, can be available for maternity cases.

If we look at the distribution of maternity beds the comparison gets even worse. In Denmark, Norway, Sweden and the Netherlands, no woman is more than one hour away from a hospital bed and skilled specialist attention. Even the most remote country districts are served by an efficient network of maternity units, each with its own ambulance service.

But (according to the last official census available at the time of writing) of the 62 administrative counties of England and Wales, 16 provide no beds at all for complicated cases, 25 County Councils provide no beds for women whose home circumstances are unsuitable for confinement, 36 provide no bed accommodation for ante-natal observation.

The County Boroughs are little better. There are 85 of them, and more than a dozen provide no beds for "difficult" cases or for those mothers who come from "bad homes"; 25 have no beds for ante-natal observation.

All local authorities have powers to provide such accommodation and they have been continually urged by the Ministry of Health to use their powers. But those figures show how much notice they have taken of the various memoranda and "orders" which have been issued.

Many people remember the case in 1934 of Molly Taylor, the young Manchester woman who died after being hustled from one hospital to another soon after the birth of her child. It is conditions like those stated above which breed "Molly Taylor" cases and hundreds more which the public never hears about.

It was stated recently of a certain area in Wales that to get an emergency maternity case into a hospital bed involved an ambulance journey of half a day.

There was an instance a few weeks ago in a North Country area where a general practitioner ordered a grave case into hospital. The woman was in labour and was driven about in the ambulance across half the country from hospital to hospital without gaining admission.

Eventually she was brought back to her own home, where, under hazardous conditions, the doctor had to embark at once upon an emergency operation. By a miracle the woman survived.

Quality, too

It is a significant fact that in those few British districts and in foreign countries where the maternal mortality rates are low, there is ample bed accommodation easily, and speedily, accessible.

But there is yet another aspect of the problem which requires examination, and that is the quality of the medical service given at the hospitals.

In the Netherlands and the Scandinavian countries all maternity units in hospitals must be under the direct control of a skilled obstetrician. In our own hospitals the usual thing is for maternity cases, no matter how serious and difficult, to come under the care of the house surgeon.

This officer is generally a newly qualified doctor, and his knowledge of obstetrics is limited to a six months' training spread over the whole medical course. With the best will in the world his experience is too limited for him to handle a difficult childbirth effectively.

Yet as investigators on the Departmental Committee on Maternal Mortality stated, house surgeons continually undertook these cases and often did not send for specialists until their own attempts had failed. And often then it was too late to save the mother.

No house surgeon should be allowed to gain his experience except under the direct supervision of a specialist, who should attend every hospital birth.

As far as the voluntary hospitals are concerned, all those which have maternity wards also have an obstetric specialist on the staff. There is no excuse for any other arrangement.

Matters are different, however, with many of the local authorities' hospitals. It is a serious fact that there are some large maternity departments in municipal hospitals which do not possess a resident obstetrician. So you get the fantastic situation that a general practitioner (who may know quite a lot himself) sends an urgent case to hospital, often to have her mishandled by a general surgeon.

Sad parallel

A study of the mortality statistics provides ample proof that specialist attention and low death-rates go together. Again, of course, there is proof in the experience of the Scandinavian countries, but there is also plenty of evidence nearer home.

All the special hospitals, where obstetricians are in control of the births, have exceptionally low mortality rates.

For instance, at the General Lying-in Hospital, London, the mortality over ten years is only 1.03—less than a fifth of the national rate. The British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, which handles thousands of cases, did not lose a single mother last year. The Plaistow Maternity Hospital, which has handled 41,606 cases in ten years, has maintained the low mortality rate of 1.13 per thousand cases

It has been possible merely to indicate here the sad parallel which exists between the lack of accommodation and skilled care and this terrible problem of maternal mortality.

We shall deal more fully next week with the grave inadequacies of the hospitals and, later, with those other weak links in the chain of maternity services—underpaid, overworked, unskilled midwifery, poor medical care and the chaos and muddle of the clinics.

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says Mrs. Musson of Leicester

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Mrs. Musson, 18 Sawley Street, Leicester.

You're very wise, Mrs. Musson! Obviously the easier a food is to digest, the more nourishment you get from it. Rowntree's Cocoa is more digestible than ordinary cocoa because it is made by a special pre-digestion process. It also helps to digest other foods as no other cocoa can. It even makes milk three times as digestible. With Rowntree's Cocoa your family get more goodness from every meal. It makes every penny you spend on food go further.

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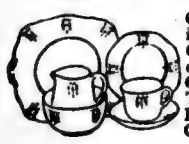

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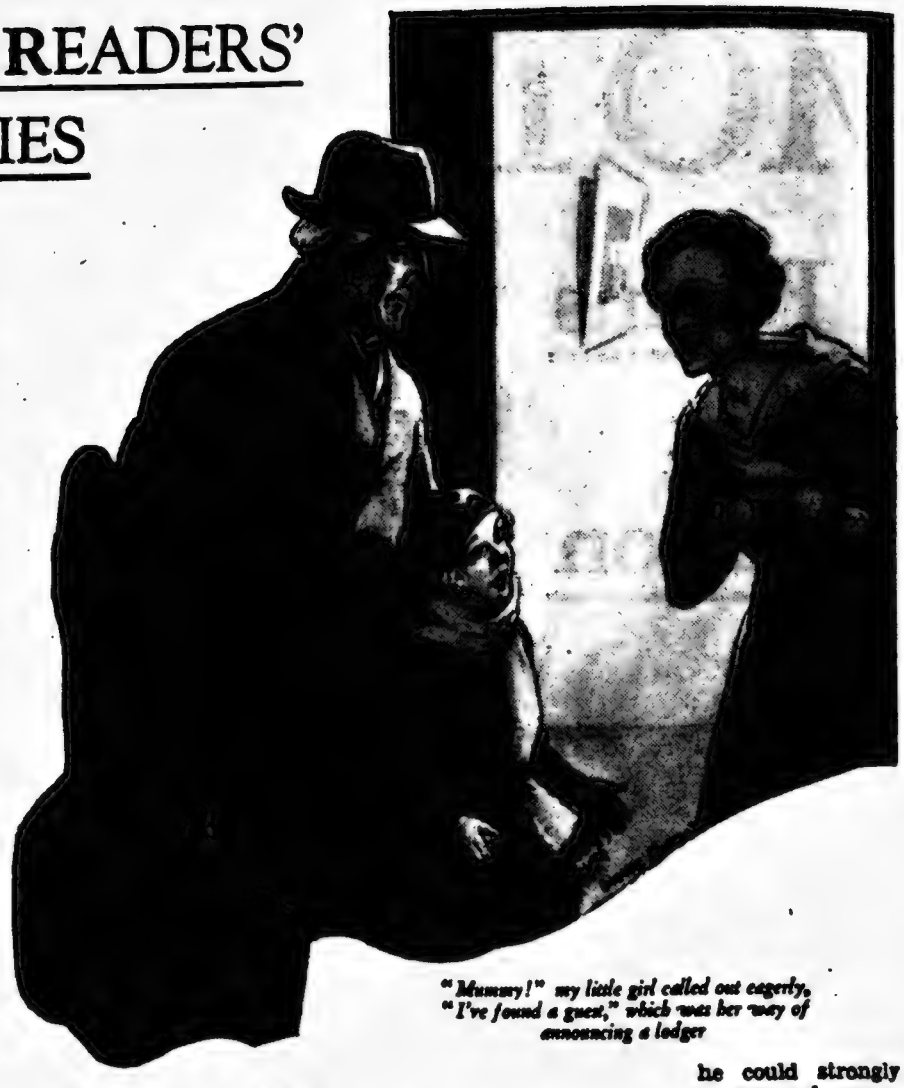
JOHN BULL READERS' STORIES



"Mummy!" my little girl called out eagerly, "I've found a guest," which was her way of announcing a lodger

Conscience Money

I WAS introduced to this amazing episode in my life by my little daughter Joan. And it was to her, in her innocence, that the miraculous sequel was due. Fortunately, nothing but great and lasting good has come from it all.

Yet but for Joan and her young trust and impulsiveness there might quite easily have been a story of tragedy for hundreds of people unknown to us in every part of the country.

That may seem a sweeping statement to make. But the explanation is my story. . . .

We lived at the time in a small coastal town in the West Highlands, in a grey stone cottage, the front windows of which looked out over the sea towards the misty islands of the Hebrides.

Our cottage was at the very end of the main road; beyond it was nothing but a wild expanse of bleached grass and gorse and rocky ground, which ran down to the shingle of the steep shore.

It was a lonely township, but a homely one. To this day there is no railway nearer than twenty miles; communication with the outside world is by a canvas-sided motor-bus which runs every three hours between our town and the railway terminus.

I had gone back to my native coast to live amongst my friends when my husband died. Joan was just three at the time. A small insurance annuity was supplemented by the interest from some shares in a London investment corporation, and the total income, by no means magnificent, was sufficient for our modest needs. There seemed little reason to be anxious about the future.

But disaster came suddenly, in the form of heavy black type in my morning paper, which informed me that the investment company had failed and that two of the directors had been arrested.

It was little consolation to learn later that the two wretched men had each been sentenced to five years' penal servitude—for, although my loss amounted only to a few shillings a week, it means all the difference between happy security and the misery of a gravely threatened existence. I was desperate to keep our little home going; so I advertised for a lodger, preferably a female.

In our little town strangers looking for apartments were few and far between. But I was fortunate in being able to let my spare bedroom to a girl who had been appointed from Inverness as an assistant at the local school.

She stayed with me for eighteen months. Then she resigned just before the summer holidays in order to be married in Edinburgh. And for four anxious months I struggled on alone, trying to hide my worries from Joan, who at that time was eight years old.

It seemed that I was going to be beaten. There was no work I could get to do in the district. And to have left our cottage and gone, say, to Glasgow would have meant a higher rent and the uncertainty of a job once the step was taken.

One evening, early in the New Year, an evening of blustering wind and rain, I sent Joan along to the newsagent's, a few hundred yards distant on the same side of the road as the cottage, for a copy of the county weekly, which was delivered by the five o'clock bus. I wanted to read the advertisements in the hope that someone was looking for lodgings.

Joan seemed a long time in returning. I had prepared the tea and was waiting for her. I went out to the door and stood in the porch looking for her. Presently I heard footsteps—but they were long and heavy. Then I recognised Joan's stuttering trot in the dark roadway and I called out to her anxiously.

Her assurance came cheerfully to me on a gust of wind; and a moment later she ran into the radius of the light from the hall, and I saw she was in the company of a complete stranger.

"Mummy," she called out eagerly, "I've found a guest!" Which was her way of announcing a lodger.

Surprised, not understanding, I waited. And the stranger was revealed as a middle-aged, professional looking man, very tired, and apparently not too robust.

He was warmly clad, and he carried a suit-case. He came forward and raised his hat. And when he spoke it was in what we called "the London brogue."

"Your little girl heard me enquiring for suitable apartments in the stationer's," he explained. "She said there was room here. And the proprietor said he could strongly recommend you—Mrs. Harrison!"

At first I was so much taken by surprise that I scarcely knew what to say. Mentally, I was trying to assure myself that it would be all right with a strange man, and a "foreigner" at that, in the house.

Joan interrupted excitedly with her plea: "Oh, please, mummy, I said he could come and stay with us. And he says he likes to read fairy stories."

I laughed at that. And the stranger laughed, too, blinking at me through the rain-smear on his spectacles. Joan's supreme test of friendship at that age was in one's ability to read out to her her favourite stories.

By that standard she assessed the worth of all grown-ups.

"I'd really be very, very grateful if you could put me up," the stranger explained. "Even for to-night. There's no hotel in the place so far as I can gather and, to tell you the truth, I'm just about on the point of collapse with

(Continued on page 28)

HOME RECIPE CURES COLDS AND CATARRH

Before you let that catarrhal infection get too deep a hold, try this simple medicine. It is approved by the highest medical authorities and it's easy to make up, but it stops distressing head noises and catarrhal deafness almost at once—and it puts a speedy end to coughs, colds, and sore throats.

Get from any chemist a one ounce bottle of Parmint Double Strength, mix it with half a pint of hot water and 4 ozs. of sugar, honey, or golden syrup. The Parmint is just 100 per cent. concentrated medicament and this syrup is so good that a spoonful will bring relief in the most stubborn cases. Many people get fine results by taking half a teaspoonful of the neat Parmint in a little water.

It soothes the inflamed membranes and clears the stopped-up passages of nose and throat like magic. It is particularly good for children because they like its pleasant taste, but it's just as effective and successful for adults with coughs, colds, catarrh and any bronchial trouble.

Really you should try this Parmint recipe at once. There is nothing like it.

(Advt.)

'Here's my special hot sauce for cold days!'

SAYS LADY MURIEL BECKWITH

Lady Muriel is a great enthusiast for good cooking. The recipes given in these articles are entirely her own. Many of them have been in use in Lady Muriel's own house for years.

A friend of mine asked me to lunch not long ago, but when I arrived she said: "I'm so sorry—but my nanny has had to go away. Do you mind if the children appear at lunch?"

"Of course—I'd love it!" I said. And we had a delightful meal; the second course was steamed pudding.

"No sauce, please, mummy," said both the children—and I noticed that neither of them finished their pudding.

"Pudding sauce *is* dull," said my friend afterwards.

Well, the pale, pasty kind she had certainly was rather uninteresting. "Why don't you use Birds Custard for your hot sauces?" I said. "Birds not only makes a lovely hot, creamy sauce—but it's a real body-building food. So light and digestible, too. Just what children need!"

"I say, that's a good thought! I must suggest it to my cook," she said. "I'm sure the children would simply love Birds! Of course, I give them any amount in the summer, with fruit. But somehow I never thought of serving it hot!"

My suggestion was evidently a success, because I had such a nice letter from her later, saying: "Ever so many thanks for your hot Birds Custard sauce idea! It's so quick to make and so delicious. You should just see how the children gobble up their pudding now!"

Nice, wasn't it? Do try it. And as a variation sometimes, perhaps you'd like the recipe for my own special hot sauce? I often serve it at home, and everybody seems to like it. Here it is ....

Lady Muriel's own recipe for

HOT SAUCE

Take two measures or one pint packet of Birds Custard. Mix together with ½ teaspoonful of ground ginger—and make exactly according to the directions on the packet, but adding a small knob of butter to the milk when you boil it. Serve it freshly made—and steaming hot.

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU!

Oh, by the way, I hear Birds are offering a large free sample of their well-known Blancmange — enough for three full pints, in three flavours. I needn't tell you how delicious it is—it's Birds! All you have to do is to send your address and part of an empty packet of Birds Custard to Birds, Dept. F.27, Thames House, Millbank, London.

IT'S THE FLAVOUR THAT MAKES IT THE FAVOURITE

BIRDS CUSTARD

... is smoother ... has more nourishment!

This morning the Dionne 'Quins' had Quaker Oats!

THEY got Quaker Oats even before their first birthday, because it does children such a world of good with its Vitamin B—the nerve-nourishing vitamin. Lack of this vitamin has been proved a direct cause of sleeplessness, indigestion and poor appetite.

For just a few pence you can give your family the *identical* breakfast that famous doctors chose for the Dionne 'Quins': identical because your Quaker and their's comes from the same great Quaker mills in Canada.

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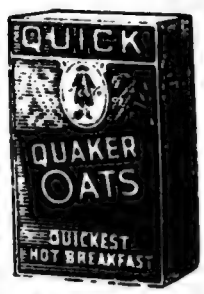
Why the cereal chosen for the Dionne 'Quins' is

QUAKER OATS

Mothers! On the Dionne 'Quins' the world has showered its model methods of raising children. QUAKER OATS was selected as the cereal for these precious babies even before their first birthday! Consider that recommendation for *your* children and serve Quaker Oats daily. It is rich in Vitamin B, the important Vitamin which combats constipation, poor appetite and "nerviness." We all need this Vitamin daily, and what better way to take it than in delicious Quaker Oats! For Quaker is the world's best oats, roasted by a special process to bring out all their goodness and give them that unique creamy flavour.



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to-day?

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BY APPOINTMENT

Bacon Curers to H.M. The King

Harris of Calne, Wiltshire, have a definite 'flair' for making sausages. Just a little touch of genius which produces sausages unequalled anywhere for downright deliciousness. Ask for Harris, Calne, Wiltshire Sausages, and be particularly careful to look for the word 'Calne' on the label.

"As good as their Famous Bacon"

For name of nearest supplier write to Dept. 55

HARRIS

CALNE WILTSHIRE

SAUSAGES

CONSCIENCE MONEY—*continued from page 26*

Ruin and—Recompense

fatigue. You see, I—I've been rather unwell and I've come here to the West Highlands for a long change of air."

And so he came in. And I showed him the bedroom and then the sitting-room with the window overlooking the sea. He brightened up as he expressed his delight, and he offered me terms that were so generous that I could scarcely believe my ears.

But the proof of his good will was immediately forthcoming in the form of a month's rent and board in advance, which he pressed into my hands.

Mr. Kessick, as he called himself, had arrived, and with him, unknown to us all, came the stuff of miracles.

For the first few days he said little; and nothing at all about himself. The few walks he took were away from the town and along the lonely shore. One of the first things he did was to place an order with the newsagent's for all the London morning papers and several financial papers as well.

He spent most of his time before lunch studying them from cover to cover. Never once during his stay did he receive a letter or a caller; and he spent the greater part of his leisure sitting within the bay-window in a deep arm-chair, staring out to the islands and just thinking and thinking.

He was like a man haunted by some tremendous tragedy, or some paralysing fear. I was suspicious at first, then alarmed. But he was always the quiet-spoken, courteous gentleman, and as he paid in advance for the second month I ceased to worry about his haunting secret.

It was Joan who always made him seem to forget himself. He invariably brightened up in her company, and he came to look forward to her return from school, when he would keep his promise and read to her some of her fairy-tale books.

After a week or so she perched herself on his knee by the fireside, and I noticed that he returned her impulsive hero-worship with a gratitude, and with a devotion that were at once lovely and pathetic. That was a strange, spontaneous friendship.

Towards the end of his second month with us, I discovered that Joan had told

At the window overlooking the sea he brightened up as he expressed his delight

him, in a moment of childish confidence, of my loss in the investment company's crash.

He told me so himself as he muttered his sympathy for me and asked me which company it had been. Naturally, I was angry with Joan. But—"Please," he pleaded with me, "don't rebuke her too severely. She regards me as a friend and I don't want you to alienate her. Please—her friendship and trust in me is one of the most beautiful and inspiring experiences of my lifetime.

"I cherish that. And you'll never know what it has meant to me. About your loss—I'm terribly sorry. It is wicked."

And then, to my amazement, for the next day or two he was quiet and morose, even avoiding my eyes when he did speak to me.

There came an evening when I went into the sitting-room to take Joan off to bed. She was on his knee as usual, by the bright fire, and Mr. Kessick's white head was nodding as he read to her from "Pilgrim's Progress."

Joan's face was alight with interest and awe; and he was reading so dramatically that I sat down, fascinated by the strange earnestness and emotion in his voice.

Suddenly, practically in the middle of a sentence, he stopped. Then he closed the book and put it down. Without a word he kissed Joan good-night on the forehead.

There were tears glistening in his eyes. He rose up then and went to the door, and I heard him muttering something about "knowing the truth" and "the blessed fortune of a child's heart."

In the hall his footsteps echoed with a strange sort of tired beat. And he went straight to his bedroom.

The following morning when he came down to breakfast he seemed brighter, more confident, almost younger in appearance. He greeted me affably and then announced that he was required urgently in London.

I remember shivering as I reminded myself that he had had no word from anyone, so far as I was aware. His sudden recall was a mystery to me.

He persisted, despite my protests, in paying me another month's money in lieu of notice. He packed his few belongings, and an hour later caught the local bus, which would connect with the south train.

Before he went he told Joan she would never know what she had done for him by making him her friend and by opening the door for him to the wonderland of childhood again and leading him through the pilgrimage of Christian.

And so he went, patting her on the head, emotion choking him, and waving again and again from the roadway. We never saw him again. . . .

Five years later, one bright afternoon in spring, a saloon car drew up outside our cottage.

I was in the sitting-room, and I went to the window in time to see a chauffeur opening the door to let a tall, elderly man alight and walk up the path to the porch-door. Wondering, I went in answer to his knock.

"Good-afternoon," he intimated, "I'm from London. You may remember Mr. Kessick staying with you for some weeks. I'm his solicitor, and I've come here to see you at his request."

Dumbfounded, I invited him in. And, sitting in the same chair in the bay-window as my mysterious lodger had used during those long, silent hours when he had sat staring seawards, he told me that Mr. Kessick wanted Joan and me to know that his sojourn with us had sent him back to face the trouble he had run away from and to fight for rehabilitation. . . .

"You see," his solicitor explained with a wistful smile, "he was the controlling power in a large financial business, and his—shall we call it carelessness?—had ruined hundreds of people who had trusted him with their little savings.

"But he came back after being here; and every penny of his own which he had saved from the disaster he used in an effort to retrieve the losses and make restitution. Every penny of his. And—well, he won through in the end.

"As a token of his eternal gratitude he has made a provision for your daughter Joan's education at a University. There is also a small annuity for you, to make up for what you lost in the collapse of your investment corporation."

It sounded like one of Joan's own fairy tales. When I could speak, after the shock had subsided, I protested, and told him that I could not take anything like that at all, that he had paid me well enough during the time he had lived with us.

"I'm sure you'll agree," the solicitor said softly, "when I tell you that he wanted Joan, in particular, to know that this was the last wish of the lonely stranger from London whom she nicknamed 'The Man in the Window Seat.'

"You see, he died four months ago. His estate has only just been settled. . . . This was his thank-offering. And, believe me, Mrs. Harrison, there are hundreds of people in Britain to-day who do not know that it is to Joan that they really owe their thanks for their retrieved fortunes."

"The Greatest of These——"

TROUBLE

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Eunice lost her ex-Service father four months ago. Her mother, who is left with six children, is in a sad plight. Her eldest daughter, aged seventeen, is in one hospital; the next child, aged fifteen, in another hospital, and the baby of the family, aged two years, in yet another.

Out of her 30s. a week, which is all that is coming in, she has to spend about 8s. a week in fares visiting these children on their respective visiting days.

Distraught with worry over her children, she fell downstairs and had herself to go to hospital, from which she was recently discharged, still attending as an out-patient.

Faced with these extra expenses, her rent of 8s. a week fell into arrears, and in consequence her landlord threatened to put her out.

She has pawned all she could to be able to visit her sick children, and is so poor that she never knows where her next meal is coming from. "With one worry on top of another," she cries, "I am ready to do away with myself at times."

Her parish priest describes it as a case of "intense sorrow and distress." We hope, therefore, that our readers will send donations earmarked "Eunice," for her mother's relief.

All donations earmarked "Eunice" or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

WOMEN who "keep that Schoolgirl Complexion" with Palmolive get accustomed to envious glances, and suggestions from women friends that they "must use an expensive make-up." For the fact is that Palmolive is more than any make-up; it's a wonderful beauty treatment in itself. Its rich olive oil lather *brings out* the hidden *natural* beauty in the skin, so that your complexion blooms and glows with its own loveliness. It's worth knowing that no less than 20,000 beauty experts unanimously recommend soap and water cleansing with an olive oil soap—Palmolive—as the best possible way to preserve the beauty of a youthful skin.

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

"The John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 39.

FENNINGS'

70 YEARS REPUTATION FOR COUGHS.. COLDS... LUNG BRONCHITIS

They assist the lungs to throw off all irritating matter and to regain health and vigour

A COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" AND OF "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO:- ALFRED FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.

SOLD IN BOXES AT 6d., 1/3 & 3/-

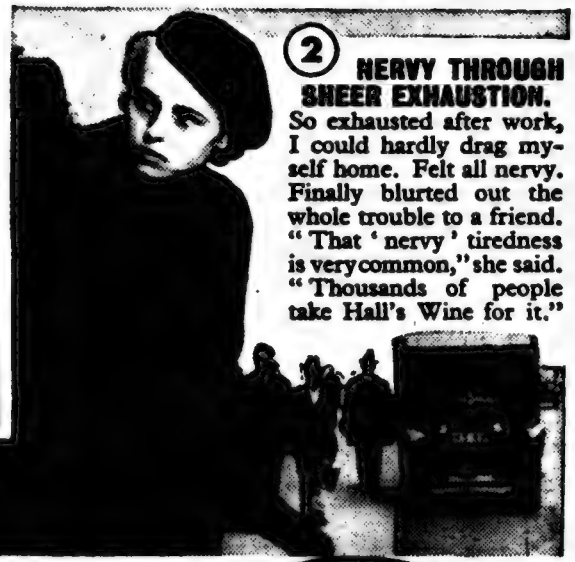
HEALERS

THE TIREDNESS THAT MAKES WOMEN FEEL HOPELESS

NEURO-PENIA

(underfed nerves)

1 ON THE EDGE OF A BREAKDOWN. All last winter I felt on the edge of a breakdown. Desperately tired. Never got through my work. Not my fault — we were understaffed at the office. Longed to chuck up my job, but couldn't afford to. Got depressed and nervy. Lost interest in everything. Life seemed so dreary and hopeless.



2 NERVY THROUGH SHEER EXHAUSTION. So exhausted after work, I could hardly drag myself home. Felt all nervy. Finally blurted out the whole trouble to a friend. "That 'nervy' tiredness is very common," she said. "Thousands of people take Hall's Wine for it."

3 A WONDERFUL CHANGE CAME OVER ME. Started taking Hall's Wine 2 or 3 times a day. Within a few days, a wonderful change came over me. Like coming out of a dark tunnel. Tiredness and depression simply fell away. Now that I'm so much stronger, I'm always cheery and self-confident in company. Work doesn't bother me any more — plenty of energy. Feel grand all day long.

NEUROPENIA EXPLAINED

If you feel like this woman did — tired, depressed and jumpy, through illness or overwork — that's because the tiny granules of Nissl that feed your nerves are all pale and shrivelled. This is known as Neuropenia (underfed nerves). Hall's Wine is specially prepared for this condition, from the formula of a well-known doctor. The first wineglassful pours new strength into you. Within a few days, your vitality is completely lifted up.

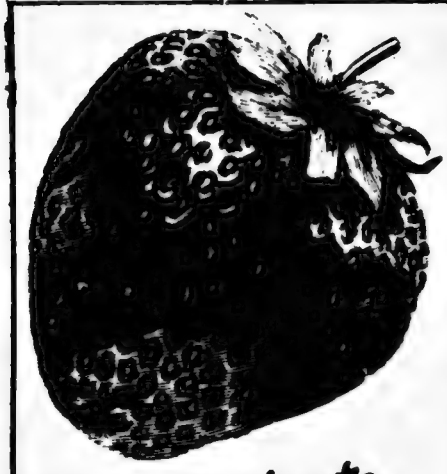
★ ALL symptoms related above are typical of "Neuropenia" as shown by the records of a leading medical psychologist, based on hundreds of cases at a London hospital.

ARE YOU CONVALESCING QUICKLY? After Influenza or any serious illness your nerves are weak, and you feel dreadfully tired. Hundreds of nurses and doctors take Hall's Wine to get back their strength quickly. For quick Convalescence take Hall's Wine 2 or 3 times a day. Start today!

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU if Tired or Run-Down

From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (Also proprietors of the famous Keystone Wines.)



You can taste the fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles

Where else but in fruit could you ever find those real-fruit flavours — strawberry, raspberry, lemon, gooseberry, tangerine, plum, apricot, lime and blackcurrant.

Try them between smokes!

DON'T FORGET! Rowntree's Fruit Clear Gums (*Hard*) and Fruit Pastilles (*Medium*) are sold loose, 6d. per ¼ lb.; in packets, 2d., 3d. and 6d. Juicy-Fruits (*Soft*), 6d. per ¼ lb. & in packets, 6d.

Gar. 1 JB

64-Year-Old Youngster Says:— Beechams Brand PILLS and I Have Been FIRM FRIENDS FOR 40 YEARS

Dear Sirs,

Beechams Pills and I have been firm friends for over 40 years. I've taken them regularly not only in England, but in India, South Africa, Gibraltar, and many other parts of the world and I say that Beechams Pills are the finest medicine in the world. They keep you young and healthy.

I am 64 years of age but I know that as long as I keep on with my regular dose of Beechams Pills I shall continue to feel young and healthy.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) I. FLICKER

"Worth A Guinea A Box"

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

PROBED BY PHILIP INMAN

FATHER *with* *a* PAST

The father who is haunted by his prison past, and does not wish his children to be told, should have his wishes respected

WHEN I was at school I used to love a new copy-book. It was a pleasant sensation to leave behind the old one with its blots and its blunders and make a fresh start.

What a pity that we cannot treat life's mistakes in the same way. But though there often comes the opportunity of a second chance, the past can never be entirely obliterated. As Shakespeare has said, "The evil that men do lives after them." Here is a letter which shows how true that is:—

My husband and I were brought up in a small town where we were well known and respected. I had been married ten years and had two children when my husband was sentenced to a term of imprisonment for a terrible crime. I felt very bitter towards him for disgracing us all, and said I would never live with him again.

Relatives and friends were very good helping us in many ways. My little boy and girl used to fret because their Daddy did not come home, and I told them that he had gone away to work, sending them from time to time picture post-cards, pretending that they were from him.

When the time drew near for his release I felt rather sorry for him because he had no one to stand by him, and I decided to give him a chance to make good. My relations and friends were against my doing this, and said they wouldn't have anything more to do with me. I met my husband on his release and we came here. I wrote to our nearest relations and told them where we were but received no replies.

This happened many years ago, and, although we have had a hard struggle, I have never regretted the step I took, and my husband has done his utmost to atone. Our children, now grown up, love him dearly, but they remember our home town and the happy times they had there. They ask why we don't correspond with our relations and cannot understand why we never want to go back home.

What can I say to them? Tell them the truth or some more white lies? I ought to mention that my husband does not want them to know about his past.

THAT last sentence is in tune with my own feelings. The father does not want his children to be told about his past. His wishes should be respected. He paid the penalty for his crime, and he has, with the help of my correspondent, made good. It would be a tragedy if the whole story were resurrected.

I say that for these reasons. Those children love their father dearly. But if they are told what happened, there is a serious danger that he would lose their respect and affection. Not only that but the disclosure would bring sorrow and disillusionment to that son and daughter who are now grown up. Besides, it might all be of no avail.

If those young people want to be friendly with their relations, there is no assurance that it would be reciprocated. Those relations treated the mother shamefully when, to her credit, she decided to stand by her husband. They may refuse to have any dealings with her children.

"Then must I go on telling white lies?" asks this woman. It is not easy to know what to do. I think probably the best course would be for my correspondent to adopt this plan. She should say to her children, "Your father and I quarrelled with our relatives years ago. It is a matter that is painful to us both, and out of loyalty to us we would rather you didn't talk about it."

After all, many people quarrel with their relations in this world. And so there is nothing uncommon in a story of this kind. I hope for the sake of them all—my correspondent, her children and her husband—that this particular skeleton will be left secreted in the cupboard.

I am not at all sure that the same plan should be followed in my next problem. It comes from a girl, who says:—

My head aches day and night with worrying what to do. I have no one else to turn to but you. I have been very happily married for five years and have two lovely babies. For a long time I didn't want to get married at all as I knew that my father was an habitual drunkard.

Although I am a teetotaler I feared the taint would be passed on to my children, and as marriage without children would have meant nothing to me, I felt very unhappy about my engagement. My fiancé was willing to risk it, but just when I had made up my mind to give him up my mother told me that the man I had always regarded as my father was not my father but that I was an illegitimate child.

Now my trouble is that just lately my little boy has become very nervy, and my husband thinks that this unbalanced state is due to his having a drunkard grandfather. If I leave him in ignorance of the facts I feel sure that he will go through life ever watching the boy for the same weakness.

And yet if I tell him, I am sure he will be much happier, but as he is very strait-laced, he might think it is dreadful thing to know that I was illegitimate. I don't know what to do—please will you help me?

AFTER considering the matter carefully, my strong feeling is that the husband should be told the truth. For one thing, it is never wise for husbands and wives to have secrets of any kind. It only breeds deceit, whilst there is always the danger that somebody else will make the disclosure. And that fear leads to continual anxiety.

Then, in this case, it would not do that child any good to be constantly watched and the slightest trait pounced upon as a sign of his supposed drunken instincts. There should be nothing more natural than the days of childhood. This boy will never develop properly if he is checked at every turn.

My correspondent is afraid of telling her husband because he is so strait-laced. But surely he is also just and he could not in fairness blame her for something which is not her fault. After all, he was anxious to marry her even when he thought she had a drunken father. I cannot imagine that his attitude will change when he knows the truth. He married because he loved her for herself and not for anything her parents may or may not have been.

Just a word about that little boy. I think it will be a good plan to let a doctor have a look at him. Or, better still, to consult a nerve specialist at a hospital. There may be nothing really wrong, but it is always well to have these things attended to in the early stages. It may save further trouble in later life.

MY next problem has given me a good deal of anxiety. It comes from a woman who writes:—

When I had been married six years I had a serious operation, and it nearly broke my heart when I learnt that I could never have any children. Shortly afterwards we adopted a little baby girl, who has been a great joy and comfort to us. Now she is twenty-two years old and engaged to be married to a nice young man who we are sure will make a very good husband.

This is our great problem. We have never told our adopted daughter anything about her birth and she, of course, believes that she is our own child. In view of her early marriage, we are wondering whether she should be told the truth, although we are terrified in case it makes any difference in her feelings for us.

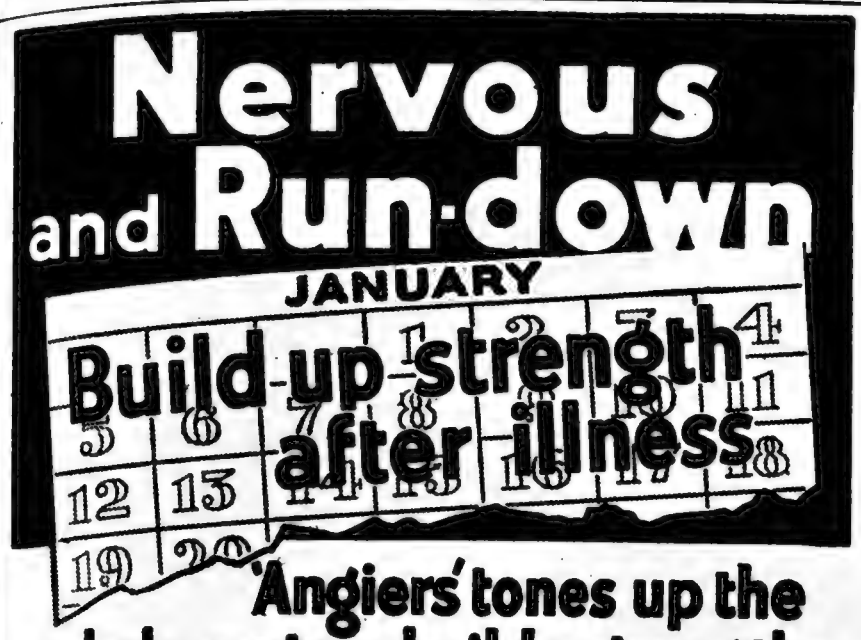
That girl should have been told about her adoption when she was quite a child. It is so easy to weave a romance around the circumstances that brought the little one into the home. In that way it becomes quite a natural experience instead of what I fear may be a shock when it is left so long, as in this case.

But it is not—what ought to have been done that concerns us now. It is—should the girl be told before her marriage. That depends on whether anybody else is likely to tell her. If not, then as the secret has been kept all these years I think that silence should be preserved.

I say this because all my life I have held it to be wrong to inflict unnecessary pain upon anyone. I take it that this girl was legally adopted—therefore in the eyes of the law she *is* the child of my correspondent and her husband. And there is no one who can take her away from them.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted

Nervous and Run-down



'Angiers' tones up the whole system, builds strength—increases vitality

If you are run-down from overwork, anxiety, illness, if your appetite and digestion are impaired and your nervous system in need of a tonic, no treatment will give such all-round good results as a course of Angiers Brand Emulsion. It promotes appetite, soothes and strengthens the organs of digestion, overcomes nervous depression, and builds up health and strength. It is a standard remedy of proved value and is strongly recommended by the Medical Profession for both adults and children.

No mother should be without a bottle of 'Angiers' in the house. It is an invaluable remedy for chest and lung affections and for building up strength after illness.

The most palatable of all Emulsions.

A Doctor writes:—"In great appreciation of 'Angiers,' I wish to state that I have derived decided benefit from your preparation not only with regard to a persistent laryngeal cough but also gastro-intestinal trouble and general malaise, etc. I have frequently prescribed it for cases of debility, bronchitis, etc., and have not found one but which has done well with it."

(Signed)——, M.B., Ch.B.

Of Chemists, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

ANGIERS BRAND EMULSION

ENDORSED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

Look into "JOHN BULL'S" Shop Window and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" for Valuable Bargains. See pages 2, 3 and 16.

This winter protect them from

'Chaps'

Poor little hands and faces—how painfully rough and chapped they always get when Jack Frost's about! But not *this* year if you're wise. Snowfire Tablet quickly banishes chaps and cracked lips for the whole winter.

3d. TABLET

Family Size 7½d. *Soft Snowfire in Tins 3d.*

SNOWFIRE TABLET

Softens and soothes

Shock For Hospital Nurse.

FEARED PROFESSIONAL CAREER ENDED.

"When my health broke down some time ago, it was a great shock to me to be told that I should have to give up nursing," states Nurse M. Skene, of 16, Keston Road, London, S.E.15. "My nerves went all to pieces; I had attacks of giddiness, and would often fall down. I grew pale and thin and lost over three stone in weight. I felt utterly depressed and worn out.

"I had treatment, but it did not seem of much avail. Then, at my mother's urgent wish, I started taking Dr. Williams pink pills, and after the first box I began to eat better and felt less depressed. My nerves became steadier and the dizzy bouts left me. Soon I was quite fit and well, and able once more to resume my nursing career."

The results obtained from Dr. Williams brand pink pills may seem wonderful, but there is a scientific reason behind it. Stated simply, it is this: these pills create new, rich blood, and this new blood revitalises all the tissues of the body. If you also suffer, let nothing prevent you from trying these pills; of all chemists, 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams.

MAKE HIS Milk INTO

BOURNVILLE Cocoa

HE'LL LIKE IT BETTER AND HE GETS

45% EXTRA NOURISHMENT!

The price is only 5½d. a ¼ lb., and there are wonderful gifts for the coupons

POST COUPON FOR FREE GIFT LIST

To 'New Gifts,' Cadbury, Bournville.

Please send me the free Bournville Cocoa Gift Book, 40 pages (8 in colour), describing and illustrating the 200 varieties of Gifts from Bournville Cocoa coupons.

Name .....

Address .....

67-11/1/36

Post in unsealed envelope (postage ½d.). This offer applies to Great Britain & Northern Ireland only

MOTHER'S FIGHT FOR CHILD

"I give my boy the same care. Why isn't he as strong as my cousin's child?"

"I go through tortures sometimes, worrying about my son. I feed him well, yet he isn't as strong as other boys. He gets so many more colds than my cousin's boy. She gives her child Scotts Brand Emulsion in winter, but I give my son a body building tonic too. What can be wrong with him?" asks a Kingston mother.

Every year thousands of mothers fight such losing battles for their children! And it all goes back to the fact that children's digestions are not strong enough to deal with certain foods.

A famous Medical Research Body working in London has recently confirmed that it makes a big difference to a child's health which kind of winter tonic mothers choose. "Because" states this Research Body, "only when liver oil is given in the white creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil can children digest the oil properly and so get the body-building elements they need."

★ ★ ★

"Am I buying a tonic my child can digest properly?" Mothers should turn over in their minds this vital question before they make their choice. Because this is what makes one child stronger than another. In Scotts Brand Emulsion every drop of oil is so finely divided that it forms a white digestible cream. 30 minutes after a spoonful has been swallowed every drop has gone to strengthen your child's chest. At once he begins to build up a resistance to winter illness such as he has never had before.

★ ★ ★

The surprising difference a digestible winter tonic makes to a child is clearly shown in the letter printed below: "Often I secretly cried over our youngest boy—he was so weak and pale and caught things easily. At last my husband suggested Scotts. In 3 weeks we noticed a difference. Now he's nine, never away from school and captain of his football team," writes a Westcliff mother.

Get Scotts Brand Emulsion from your chemist to-day and see the difference it makes to *your* child.

Proof of above statement for Doctors

The above facts were revealed recently by an eminent Research Body working in London. The official report is available for inspection by the Medical Profession at 10, Stonecutter Street, E.C.4.

Scotts Brand Emulsion contains finest cod liver oil of guaranteed vitamin potency with glycerine and hypophosphites of essential mineral salts. Biological tests show that Scotts Brand Emulsion is completely absorbed in its original form straight from the duodenum into the thoracic duct within 30 minutes of swallowing dosage. On its absorption, this emulsion carries in bile, which re-stimulates the liver and strengthens the digestion.

The following letter, seeking legal advice, has been received by the Editor of JOHN BULL from a reader living in Dulwich, London. We print it in full, together with the reply of our Legal Editor, because the facts are likely to interest not only all owners of dogs, but also people who may suffer interference or damage by neighbours' dogs.

Tale of a NAUGHTY DOG

DEAR SIR,—The garden and lawn of my house are separated from those of the next house by an ordinary hedge. I own a bull-mastiff dog and my neighbour possesses a spaniel.

There is a gap at one end of the hedge which was there when I took over the house. I learned that the previous occupier had owned a dog and that the gap had been used by it and the neighbour's spaniel to pay friendly calls on each other.

I did not repair the gap because my bull-mastiff soon formed a friendship with the dog next door and my neighbour and I were content that the two animals should visit and play with each other.

During the day the two dogs are to be seen as often about one set of premises as they are about the other, and neither my neighbour nor I have ever had reason to make any complaint to each other regarding the continuance of this practice.

My neighbour's spaniel, however, plays no part in the events which I am now to relate. At the time they happened he was locked up.

On Christmas morning, about 11 o'clock, my wife observed our bull-mastiff barking and leaping at the hedge, and supposed that he was inviting the dog next door to come out for a romp. It will be seen that she was mistaken and that there was another reason for my dog's behaviour.

For half an hour afterwards there was silence, which was then broken by human screams and cries from my neighbour's garden. My wife saw from a window that the noise was being made by my neighbour's young servant, who was waving her arms as if in hysteria, while my dog stood near her, placidly looking on.

Fearing that possibly our bull-mastiff had attacked the girl, my wife called me and together we made our way through the gap into the grounds of the next house. But bull-mastiffs never attack anyone or anything without the most serious cause. And I soon saw there had been no violence or even menace—at least, towards any human being.

I admit that I gave way to laughter at the spectacle I saw, but my amusement was soon replaced by a realisation of the gravity, tragedy and costliness of it all.

Bewildering scene

From the step of the outer door of my neighbour's kitchen to the edge of the lawn lay a trail of pieces of succulent sliced ham. Alongside it were strings of uncooked sausages.

Most appalling (or humorous) sight of all was that of a great turkey, roasted to nice browniness, lying on its back in grease-proof paper against the kitchen doorstep. The breast of the turkey was deeply gashed by an animal's teeth. No need to name the animal! My dog was still licking and smacking his chaps.

Behind the turkey, just inside the kitchen door, was an even more bewildering scene. Lying upside down on the floor was a monster plum-pudding, into which some animal's paws had sunk; and scattered around it were the contents of a large bowl of asparagus, three trays of spilt *hors d'œuvres*, and still more sausages and succulent sliced ham.

When the hysteria of the servant-girl had subsided and she regained coherent speech, I was able to obtain the following information from her:—

(1) Her master and mistress were at church.

(2) Christmas dinner was to be at 7.30 p.m., when there would be twelve guests—a company of fourteen in all.

(3) As her mistress had not the facilities to cook a dinner for a company of that size, it had been prepared by a firm of West End caterers, who had delivered the turkey, plum-pudding, *hors d'œuvres*, sausages, ham, etc., on the previous evening.

(4) When her employers had gone to church, she had taken these items of the dinner from the ice-box in which they had been kept overnight and had set them out on a two-feet-high form inside the kitchen.

(5) She had then gone upstairs to change her dress, unfortunately failing to observe that the outer door of the kitchen was ajar.

(6) On coming down, she saw the Christmas dinner on the floor, my dog at the door with his muzzle in the turkey, and three strange cats scampering away in fright across the lawn.

From these facts it was possible to reconstruct the tragedy. When my dog was seen barking and leaping at the hedge gap he had been doing so as a matter of duty. He had seen the three stray cats and was endeavouring to chase them away. The cats had pulled out the sausages and ham and, scenting food, the dog had gone to join them, believing that a free Christmas banquet for animals was being provided by some canine Santa Claus.

Bull-mastiffs have no particular liking for ham—if they can get anything else—and, following the food trail into the kitchen, the dog had discovered the turkey. As its dead weight was 22 lb., the cats could not have hauled it out. It must have been lifted from the kitchen by an animal of great strength. In removing the flesh and fowl parts of the feast, the dog and, possibly, the cats had upset and trampled on the pudding, the asparagus and the *hors d'œuvres*.

She fainted

I went off to the church and waited at the door for the congregation to disperse. Taking my neighbour and his wife aside, I broke the awful news. The lady fainted.

Afterwards she admitted that the shock was the greater because during the service her mind had strayed more than once to the subject of the dinner. She almost swooned again when she returned home and beheld the havoc.

I gave a guarantee that by hook or crook another Christmas dinner would be supplied in full and in time. No promise was ever more difficult of performance. It is almost impossible to obtain the constituents of a Christmas dinner on Christmas Day in London.

A poulterer in our suburb, who lives above his shop, was persuaded to open his refrigerator and produce the biggest bird in stock. While he cleaned it, I went to the local baker and induced him to send for one of his workmen, who, when he arrived, agreed to stuff and roast the turkey at the bakery for a payment of £1.

The other sections of the dinner were not procurable anywhere in our suburb. I travelled into the West End and searched the highways and byways for nearly three hours without success.

At last I saw a light behind a small Italian warehouseman's shop and, on bringing him to the door, found he could supply two tins of asparagus and sardines, olives, anchovies, Russian salad and the other components of the *hors d'œuvres*.

I stopped a police car and the driver was able to tell me that a restaurant off Tottenham Court Road was open. There I obtained sausages, ham and a Christmas pudding.

The baker was as good as his word. The turkey was turned out in time and my neighbour's dinner took place without further incident.

The points

The details of my expenditure (without travelling expenses) in providing the second dinner were:

	£	s.	d.
19 lb. turkey at 2s. 1d. per lb.	1	19	7
Paid to baker	1	0	0
6 lb. York ham at 4s. per lb. ..	1	4	0
6 lb. sausages (pork) at 1s. 6d.	0	9	0
2 tins asparagus	0	3	4
3 trays *hors d'œuvre*	0	10	6
7 lb. plum-pudding	0	9	4
Total	£5	15	9

My neighbour refuses to reimburse me for the whole or any part of this outlay. He contends that I am entirely liable for my dog having made access to his premises and caused the mischief and damage.

My view is that the bull-mastiff went to my neighbour's house by mutual consent according to custom, that I had no reason to believe the dog would cause damage, and that my neighbour was guilty of contributory negligence because his servant had left the kitchen door open and the food exposed. I also believe that I would not be liable even if it had not been a custom for my dog to visit my neighbour's premises.

My neighbour has read this letter and he subscribes his name to it as a token that the facts stated are correct. We have decided to submit them for the favour of arbitration by the Editor of JOHN BULL.

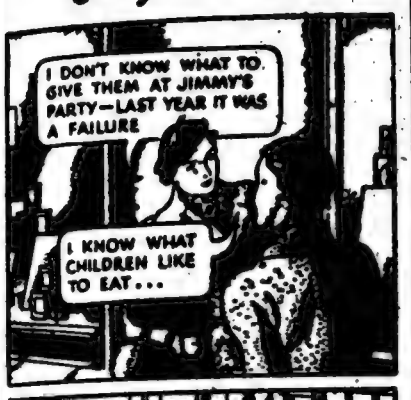
[A Solomon is required to adjudicate here, for it is difficult to apply the law to the facts in this amusing case.

Generally speaking, a dog owner is not liable if his dog trespasses upon someone else's land, even if it does damage, but if an owner encourages his dog to trespass after game, he is liable for damage done.

Was the bull-mastiff "trespassing" and is roast turkey "game"?

My advice is that the Dulwich neighbours should either toss up for it or go fifty-fifty.—Legal Editor, JOHN BULL.]

"My Party's Nicer than the rest Because my Mummy's Jelly's Best"



AND HAVE YOU ROWNTREE'S JELLIES IN STOCK?
CERTAINLY, MADAM—12 FLAVOURS. IT'S THE REAL FRUIT JUICE IN ROWNTREE'S JELLIES THAT MAKES THEM SO POPULAR

JIMMY'S PARTY
THIS JELLY'S LOVELY—CAN I HAVE SOME MORE?
LEAVE SOME FOR ME—I'VE NEARLY FINISHED MINE
THOUGHT ROWNTREE'S SEEMS TO HAVE MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE

HERE'S A RECIPE FOR YOUR PARTY

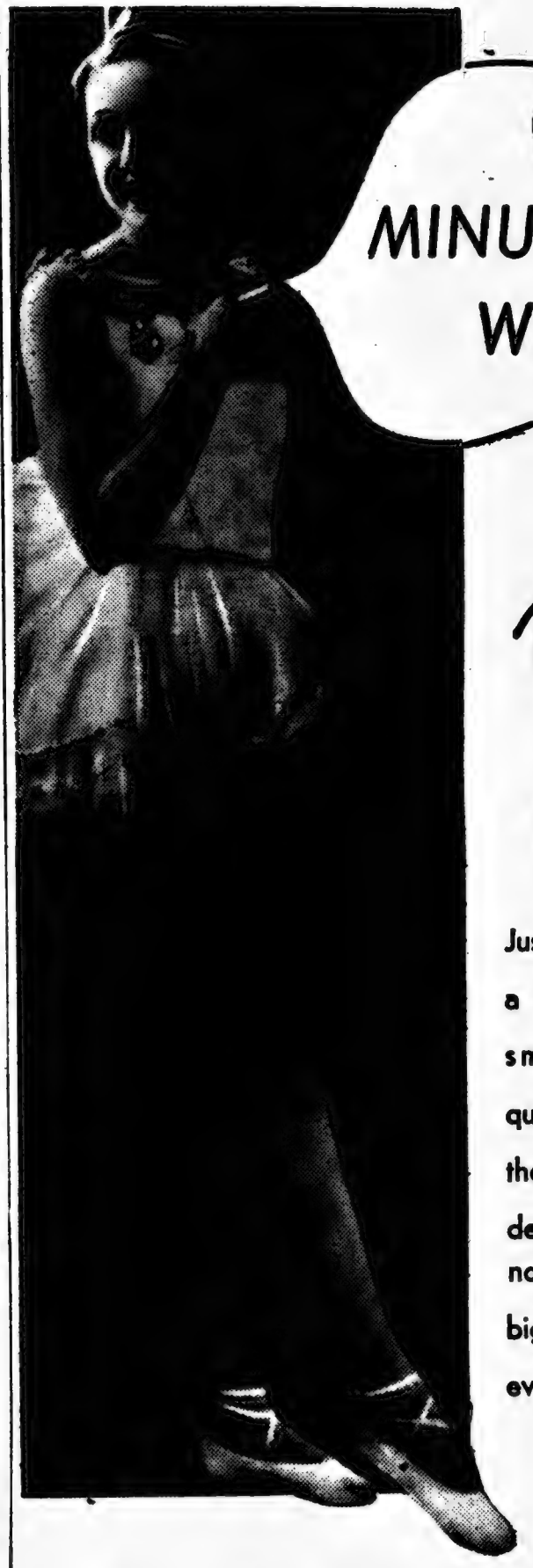
RAINBOW REVELRY:

Dissolve half of each of 3 Rowntree's Jellies of contrasting colours (separately) in hot water, making each up to half-pint of liquid. When almost set, whip up first jelly to form a light sponge, pour into a mould. While setting whip up the second jelly and pour on top. Then proceed similarly with the third jelly. Allow to set.

4½d. a packet

KOMPO FOR COLDS

Sold by all Chemists & Stores, in bottles, 1/3 and 2/-



10 MINUTES TO WAIT —so

Mine's a Minor!

Just the cigarette for a blissful brief-time smoke. In taste, quality and packing the equal of much dearer cigarettes, but not quite so large—big enough, however, to last a full 10 minutes.

De Reszke MINORS

In Tins 30 FOR 1/- • 60 FOR 2/-

Plain, Cork or 'Ivory' tipped

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

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SHE THOUGHT CATARRH COULD NOT BE CURED

"Still got that beastly cold, Jill?"
"It isn't a cold, it's catarrh, and nothing can cure it."
"You dare say that to me—once a martyr to it" — just try EPHEDRINE"
"I've longed to thank you for telling me about EPHEDRINE, it cured my catarrh at once."

McCLURE BRAND EPHEDRINE

NASAL CATARRH SPECIFIC

ARRESTS A COLD IN THE HEAD IN 5 SECONDS

For your protection insist on McClure Brand, the genuine "Ma Huang" Ephedrine.

1/6 of all Chemists

McClure, Young & Co. Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 93, Standard Road, London, N.W.10.

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THE GRAVES A.V.C.S. SUPER-HET ALL-ELECTRIC RECEIVER operates on any Electric Light (A.C.) Circuit, and is offered at a world-challenging price on the Easiest of Terms.

6-Valve circuit with fully delayed and amplified system of Automatic Volume Control. Noise Suppressor Switch. Full Vision Illuminated Tuning Scale. Variable Tone Compensation. Large Capacity Moving Coil Loud Speaker. British Valves. Terminals for Gramophone and Extension Loud Speaker. Beautifully marked Walnut cabinet in two shades. Size: 21 x 13½ x 9½ins. The Outfit is Complete in every respect including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Securely packed and Carriage Paid to destination. £12.12.0 Easy Terms: 12/6 now, and 12/6 monthly.

12/6 NOW

IT IS IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other high-class Sets for Batteries or Mains. Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

LEG TROUBLE

A Free Offer.

★ A GENEROUS sample of Elasto, a famous remedy for all leg troubles, circulatory disorders and kindred ailments, is offered on the Back Cover. This, together with a special free booklet and copies of recent testimonials explaining all about Elasto, the biological remedy which restores the natural power of healing through the blood, will be sent to all readers who turn to the announcement on the Back Cover and fill in the Free Coupon. Act now—while you think of it!

Rheumatism

like knives until she took the chemist's advice and began the daily dose of Kruschen Salts!

With 'Knives' behind her, this woman was driven to the chemist's shop; she was driven there by rheumatism. She says: '*The pains in my back were like knives going through me.*' The remedy the chemist recommended banished her rheumatism completely; she declares she has not a sign of it now. Read her letter:

'*Two months ago I could not stand up, the pains in my back were like knives going through me with rheumatism. I did not care for anything. I called at the chemist's, and asked the young man if he could give me anything for rheumatism. I could not stand up and was afraid to sit down. He said, 'Why don't you try a 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts?' I hardly knew what to do, as I was so short of money. But I tried my luck. Well, sir, to-day I have not got a sign of rheumatism. It is wonderful, and when I see the bottle on my shelf I thank goodness for what it has done for me.*'

Mrs. H. D., Southampton.

The six salts in Kruschen stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy, regular action; assist them to get rid of the excess uric acid which is the cause of all your suffering. When poisonous uric acid—with its deposits of needle-pointed crystals—goes, there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too!

Tasteless in Tea.

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months.

End agonizing Corn Pain!

Corns QUICKLY REMOVED!

The most agonising and obstinate corns can be quickly and completely removed by a 'Reudel Saltrates' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Saltrates' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns. Try it yourself now and end the misery of corns.

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

(Say ROO-DEL)

Only in YELLOW packets

1/6—large size 2/6.

Good-bye, Suitcase Minister

"MOREOVER, I consistently dislike the practice of the Foreign Secretary negotiating in foreign capitals" — *Sir Samuel Hoare during his resignation speech in the House of Commons.*

"... Never again while he was Prime Minister, would he allow a Foreign Secretary to go abroad and conduct negotiations."—*Press extract from Mr. Baldwin's speech the same day.*

So there you are! In the same day we get an admission from the late Foreign Secretary—"Flying Sam," as the Americans call him—that he has never liked to go abroad on the Empire's business; and a declaration from the Prime Minister that it is never going to happen again.

Does this mean that we are to see the end of that strange development of British post-war diplomacy, the incessant journeying between capital and capital which seems to be demanded nowadays of our Foreign Ministers and their juniors in each successive Government?

And not only the Ministers, but our Prime Ministers, First Lords, and even the permanent officials—the hierarchy of the Treasury and the Foreign Office who formerly did all their work from their Whitehall desks.

All have had to resort to what Palmerston once called "carpet bag diplomacy." We even created a super-travelling post—Minister for League of Nations Affairs—occupied until just before Christmas by Mr. Anthony Eden, the new Foreign Secretary, who already has piled up more mileage than Grey and Rosebery, Disraeli and Salisbury achieved during their combined years of office.

L. G. did it

Lloyd George began it. Living up to his "Business Government" reputation of 1917-18, he announced that, owing to the stress and speed of war, it would be better for Governments to short-circuit the established methods of communication through their respective ambassadors. "Let the principals 'get together,'" said he.

In the war, possibly, it was justified.

But Versailles followed, and L. G. tasted some of the thrills and joy of "bossing" foreign diplomats, a change from "bossing" his own Cabinet and permanent officials and from handling the business of Government from some room in Whitehall.

And in spite of the fact that the results from Versailles were no tribute to the new "get together" spirit in diplomacy, it was a heavy draught from which he never recovered.

He kept up the custom of Continental visits and conferences with chiefs of foreign Governments and a multitude of them followed, usually held in very pleasant, sun-warmed and expensive places like Cannes, Venice, Locarno, Isola Bella, and so on.

L. G. sometimes argued that these excursions were good publicity. But the world often wondered if the publicity was good for anybody except Lloyd George, who liked being shown to foreigners as "the man who won the war," the "man who settles things on the spot." And it has often wondered since if these conferences and visits did any good to anybody — except foreign hotel-keepers and resort proprietors.

Sometimes the publicity wasn't so good, either. Do you remember the famous picture taken at L. G.'s golf match with M. Briand at Cannes? An outraged French public objected to this new form that diplomacy was taking. When they saw the photograph they slung Briand out of office.

All the same, the custom of these diplomatic excursions was kept up by the British Government even when their inventor, L. G., ceased to be present to give them an inimitable touch. His successors have even improved on him in the length of their journeys and the frequency of the excuses they have found to make them. So much so that to-day British Ministers are the most travelled of any in Europe.

Look under the heading "Foreign Office," in the Civil Appropriation Accounts, if you want to get some idea of how much travelling is done.

One item shows, in round figures, £28,000 spent on "travelling and incidental expenses for journeys on public service." That figure excludes the usual consular and messenger travelling which, of course, is always taking place. And it is separate from journeys on League of Nations business. Another £20,000 was expended for that purpose.

£48,000 is a pretty big total for railway fares and hotel bills on matters which can be considered as "extras" to the ordinary diplomatic governance of the Empire. And it was a bill for only one year, 1933 (the last for which accounts have been published). Last year and 1934 can be counted upon to have sent the total higher still.

"Gadding about"

A generation ago, if it had been suggested that an Under-Secretary spent £20 on a trip to Paris on official business, there would have been a storm of demands to know why the Ambassador on the spot could not handle the job.

When Disraeli wanted to go to the Berlin Conference on a mission which rearranged the whole balance of Europe, the House of Commons pondered the matter and the "expense" for weeks, gravely wagging their heads at what they called "this gadding about Europe." It is said that the exasperated Disraeli volunteered to pay the expenses (about £200) out of his own pocket, and that the House nearly took him at his word.

We referred earlier to the case of Anthony Eden. Now that he has attained his coveted and justly earned promotion, the Foreign Secretaryship, will he get a rest from the "shuttlecock" existence he has led about Europe for the past two years?

Will Mr. Baldwin persist, in the case of this "young man in a hurry," on the embargo quoted above against Foreign Secretaries travelling abroad?

Rest deserved

At least, young Mr. Eden will deserve the rest.

He began last year with about four journeys a month to Paris, Geneva and back to London, and kept this programme up till late March. That made about 1,250 miles a week, and remember that each of these journeys was undertaken at short notice.

At his home in Lower Berkeley Street, his travelling bag has always been packed in readiness to be rushed off to Victoria or Croydon at an instant's notice. He was such a hustler and so pressed for time, with Whitehall duties and Paris "conversations," that he usually arrived for League Council meetings only on the morning they started.

Mr. Anthony Eden — "the young man in a hurry" — has already piled up more mileage than Grey, Rosebery, Disraeli and Salisbury achieved during their combined years of office

—AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

SHIELDS NEWS:—"... it will not affect the ownership of either cash or other ASSES which belong to the club."

EVENING GAZETTE, READING:—"The guard often searched the spectators, including girls in NATURAL costume, for arms."

THE WESTERN GUARDIAN:—"Terriers and COCKEREL Spaniels were strong classes."

BRIDLINGTON CHRONICLE:—"The organisation had hopes of securing every —— in the town as a member, and present members were urged to FAKE special efforts during the coming year."

THE NORTHAMPTON INDEPENDENT:—"... smilingly said, 'You are one of the little girls who presented me with a NURSE, are you not?'"

Eightpence only

... that's a reasonable price to pay for a Shag that's so good as "Digger" ... you couldn't wish for a finer Empire Grown Tobacco ... no wonder it has the biggest sale of any Tobacco in the Country!

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

SHAG 8D PER OZ.

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. R D. 34.

The only way to END CATARRH

FOR GOOD

is to treat the causative roots of the complaint which lie in the colon and not in the head as is commonly thought.

The certainty of this method has made me 100,000 life-long friends whose Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises have been banished for EVER.

The most important words in this announcement are the words "for good." There are plenty of medicines and treatments that will relieve Catarrh temporarily, but that is not the aim of my treatment. The Allan Cooper Treatment removes the cause of Catarrh and frees the system from the poisonous mucus completely and for good. By this selfsame method I rid myself and 100,000 others since of Catarrh for ever. That is why I can say with confidence to every sufferer, "You can end your Catarrh for good and all,

OR IT SHALL NOT COST YOU 1[D].

Time and time again the history of curative treatments has repeated itself. Suffering has gone on unchecked, uncured, because only the effects were treated, while the real cause persisted unaffected by the treatment.

Not so many years ago blood-letting and leeches were claimed as cure-alls, merely because man had not then understood the CAUSE of some of the simplest ailments.

And even in this twentieth century after gigantic strides in many directions, there are people who say and believe that Catarrh is incurable. I was told the same thing, and I was suffering as badly as any man has, and while you go on treating the head effects only instead of the cause, Catarrh is incurable. To do that is like constantly baling water out of a boat instead of stopping up the hole.

It was only when I discovered that the cause of Catarrh lies in the intestines that I was able to perfect a treatment that could attack it at its roots and clear the system from every trace of the complaint FOR GOOD.

I have suffered myself and I know what it is. I know all the doubts and fears that have come into your minds at the thought of trying something else when so many other things have failed, and because I understand I do not make any exaggerated claims. I do not ask you to believe me or trust me. I do not offer you free gifts or free samples. What I do offer is complete and lasting freedom from Catarrh—a clear head—a clear nose—no head noises—no stuffiness—no depression—no deafness—and a more vigorous health than you have enjoyed for years OR YOU PAY ME NOTHING AT ALL!

I do not believe in Free Samples.

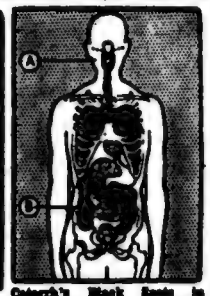
They prove nothing. I prefer to give you better evidence that my treatment ends the trouble permanently. Write to me for particulars of my FAR FULLER AND EXTENDED TRIAL and how you are covered by my absolute and legally binding GUARANTEE

Allan Cooper.

LET ME HELP YOU, TOO!

If you will write your name and address below and post to me I will send you by return the information that has enabled 100,000 sufferers to rid themselves of Catarrh for ever. Every day's delay gives the complaint a firmer hold on your system. Do not give it another day. Write now, nothing to pay.

Catarrh's Double Grip sets up a vicious circle in the whole system. The infection in the intestines promotes Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn and Constipation, and still further lowers resistance to the infection in the nose and throat.



Catarrh's Black Spots in the human body are shown above. Accumulation of germs and mucus occurs at A and B, which explains why only by treating both cause and effect at the same time can a permanent banishment of the horrible complaint be achieved.

These people suffered as you are suffering NOW

CURED AFTER 16 YEARS

"I am more than thankful to you for the wonderful results I have received by using your treatment. I can and will recommend it to all I know that are suffering from that terrible malady known as catarrh. I was a chronic sufferer from catarrh for sixteen long years, but at last I am quite free from that terrible suffering, thanks to your wonderful treatment. Sir, I say without hesitation, if your treatment will cure me after sixteen long, weary years, I am absolutely positive it will cure anyone suffering from catarrh."

W. J. PIKE,
Bodleigh Salterton, Devon.

YOU HAVE FULFILLED YOUR GUARANTEE

"I received your letter a few days ago and I am happy to say that I am now quite free from the complaint and feel worlds better for your advice and remedy, and am very thankful for same. It will also interest you to know that it has been the means of freeing me from a hacking cough which has worried me now for a number of years every winter. Once again thanking you for what you have done for me, you are at liberty to make what use you like of this letter, having fulfilled your guarantee to cure me." W. HEATHER, Pretoria.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS:

"The treatment is supplied to anyone on fifteen days' trial basis. The offer contained in the advertisement is genuine. The testimonials and other evidence, which have been investigated carefully, provide convincing proof that the Allan Cooper remedy is right."

Health and Strength

FREE COUPON

MR. ALLAN COOPER, 69 Strand, LONDON, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation, kindly tell me how I can permanently rid myself of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

Name .....
(Please Print in BLOCK Letters).

Address .....

.....

.....

NOTE.—If you care to enclose 1½d. stamp if in British Isles (4d. if abroad, Foreign stamps accepted) to cover postage it will be appreciated, but this is not obligatory.

"John Bull," 11/1/36

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE FAMILY INSURANCE

—the ONLY paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

Registration Forms—Sign for Safety

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/1/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to
"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

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..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 11/1/36

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

THE GRAVES "VULCAN" SCREENED GRID SELF-CONTAINED BATTERY-DRIVEN 3-VALVE RECEIVER gives all you want in Radio, at a very low price and on Terms you can afford.

Every component the best of its class. Iron-Cored Multi-Wire Coils. Double Circuit Tuning. Full Vision Illuminated Dial. British Valves. 120-volt H.T. Battery, large capacity 2-volt plate type Accumulator. Permanent Nickel-Aluminium Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Steel Chassis. Cabinet in two shades of Walnut: 18½in x 10in x 9½in. Everything complete, including Aerial and Earth Equipment—nothing else to buy. The whole outfit safely packed & Carriage Paid to destination. £7.12.0

8/- NOW

Easy Terms: 8/- now, and 8/- monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Housewives! Accept this

FREE SAMPLE OF BIRD'S BLANCMANGE

HERE'S a unique present for you! A large free sample of Bird's famous Blancmange, enough for three full pints, in three flavours!

This delicious packet of Bird's Blancmange is yours for the asking. All you have to do to get it is to send your name and address and part of an empty packet of Bird's Custard to Bird's, Dept. F., 27, Thames House, Millbank, London.

Remember! you can't be too quick to make sure of receiving this large free packet of Bird's Blancmange in three flavours and enough for three full pints—delicious in flavour and taste! So—hurry—and seize the opportunity now to get your free sample before the offer is withdrawn! Further particulars of this offer appear in the special announcement on p. 27.

The SAFEST Help for BABY'S COLDS

The Surest Help for Daddy's

Thousands upon thousands of mothers depend on Vick brand Vapour-Rub because it checks children's colds so quickly—and because it is used *externally*, thus avoiding all risks of upsetting delicate little stomachs.

Yet its powerful two-way action checks the stubbornest colds of adults in the same quick way. And no wonder! When just rubbed on, it "draws out" tightness from the chest like an old-fashioned poultice. At the same time, its medicated vapours are inhaled with every breath—to ease the breathing and to fight the cold right where the cold fights you . . . in the nose, throat and lungs.

For all the colds of all the family—from baby's sniffles or night coughs, to mother's and dad's deep chest-colds and sore throats—you can depend on Vick brand Vapour-Rub for quick relief.

VICK VAPOUR RUB

Now! PREVENT Many Colds!

Vick Chemists have just perfected a remarkable new formula—Vick-Vatronol brand Nasal Medicament—specially designed to aid Nature's defence against colds. At the first sign of "stuffiness" or irritation in the nose, *where most colds start*, quick!—a few drops up each nostril! Its stimulating medication helps to prevent many colds altogether or to throw them off in the early stages.

YEARS OF TERRIBLE STOMACH TROUBLE

THEN INSTANT RELIEF!

IF you have been disappointed after trying for years to get rid of stomach trouble, you will be interested in the happy experience of Mr. G. A. Simpson, of Bolton, who found that 'Bisurated' Magnesia "worked wonders." Read his own words:

"I have received great benefit from 'Bisurated' Magnesia. I suffered with Dyspepsia for many years and at times it has been most terrible. But 'Bisurated' Magnesia has worked wonders. I recommend it to all."

'Bisurated' Magnesia contains special ingredients that have been proved by recent Medical Research and X-ray experiments to be the quickest and most effective known to medical science. Whatever form of stomach disorder may be troubling you, *insist* on 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA; you are then sure of rapid and lasting relief. Every chemist stocks 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1/3. Get a bottle to-day and *you* will be able to banish stomach trouble in a few minutes.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archel 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

5/2 NOW

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

BLUE LIGHT O' SAFETY

BRITAIN is becoming blue—o' nights.

From town to town completely new systems of night lighting of streets and roads by high-pressure lamps are being carried out so steadily that already in this country there is more illumination of this kind than in the rest of Europe.

Very soon not only all Britain but almost all the civilised world will have a nightly blue radiance—and British engineers will be responsible for the transformation.

But everywhere it has been introduced the new lighting has only been installed after overcoming the fiercest opposition — not from technicians, but from women.

It gives to the features a ghostly, greenish hue. The best complexions, natural or made-up, appear gruesome, until people become accustomed to the strange luminosity. Then, somehow, a woman can seem to the beholder to be as beautiful as ever, although she is not likely to be persuaded to believe that this is possible.

Chemists in the laboratories of cosmetic factories are working day and night in a search for face powders and the like to neutralise the grim effects of the lighting.

They have succeeded so far only in producing tints which very slightly soften the cold, green mask that everyone wears in the vicinity of the new lamps.

☆ ★ ☆

SOME town councils and other local authorities who regard the introduction of the blue lighting as necessary have even been intimidated by the mass hostility of women in their districts, and, in a few cases, the women's outcry has been so loud after the system was actually in use that threats are being made to scrap it.

In most parts of the country, however, the authorities have, for once, been bold enough to disregard the women's point of view. And even in areas where they have been only experimenting timidly the councils are gathering enough courage to make it clear that the adoption of this novel illumination will before long be universal.

The public safety is involved. These blue lamps are saving lives. And they are making night road travel and transport not only safer, but speedier and more economical.

Everywhere the lamps have been adopted there is hot dispute as to the true colour they diffuse. The ordinary person says at once that it is green, and from a distance the effect is unquestionably one of greenness. The colour has never before been commercially produced, but the scientists declare that it is definitely blue.

Deputations of experts from every country in the world have been visiting Britain lately to inspect and test this new outdoor lighting device, and this week four native lighting engineers are here from China on a similar mission.

The invention and development of the lamp is, indeed, a real triumph for British chemists and engineers. The discovery was made in research laboratories at Wembley, where a group of men have for years addressed themselves to the problems of the feebleness of road lighting and of the high accident rate caused by the inequalities and patchiness of the systems hitherto in use.

People and objects in the roadway appear in bold silhouette under the high and even brightness of the new blue lamps

—but the Ladies are in Revolt

The general belief had been that, to obtain clarity and evenness of lighting, it was only necessary to throw an equal amount of white or yellow light downwards on to every part of the road surface.

The desired effect was certainly obtained when it was viewed from an aeroplane or height, but the result was vastly different at the ground level, even with the very best systems of filament lamp or incandescent gas lighting.

☆ ★ ☆

WHAT happened was that the streets and roads contained white and black pools, and it is in the black pools midway between the lamp standards that 95 per cent. of road accidents occur at night. Every possible rearrangement and redistribution of the existing lamps failed to get rid of the problem and its dangers.

The trouble was caused by what the experts call the "glancing angle"—the dissemination of light as seen from the eye level of the pedestrian and motor-car driver.

The task given to the chemists and engineers at Wembley was to eliminate the glancing angle and to produce both a light and a method of distributing the light which would give a high and completely even brightness on the road surface.

The actual light which they have evolved is a long, thin sausage-shaped one, and it is obtained by an electrical discharge in an atmosphere of mercury vapour and a mixture of rare gases at a much higher pressure than has ever before been possible.

When the light is switched on the mercury boils into vapour, just as water boils into steam, and the pressure inside the hermetically sealed sausage lamp gradually increases until it attains maximum brilliance in about four minutes.

That was the chemists' contribution to the problem, and it was found that the lamp they had thus produced gave three times as much light for the same energy consumption as the tungsten filament lamp.

But science was wholly unable to change the green tinge abhorred by women into anything more pleasant or benign to the complexion.

The job of the engineers was to spread the new light evenly on the roads, and their great difficulty was that the source of the light, the long, vertical sausage, was something quite different from all lighting methods hitherto known.

But they have produced a lantern with a special system of prisms which preserves not only the full effulgency of the lamp, but redistributes its rays in a manner that removes the glancing angle and leaves the street or road entirely without either dazzle or shadow patches. The penetration of the light both into the middle and far distance is not only deep, but completely even.

A person, animal or other object in the roadway is seen by the motor-car driver in bold silhouette.

The only confusion now possible to the motorist is the disturbing effect of passing from a blue lamp area into one lit by ordinary gas or filament lamps, where his vision becomes doubly weak and vague because of the extraordinary contrast.

The new lighting has had one unfortunate consequence, which can only be removed by making the street and road illumination of this country a national instead of a local liability.

£1,000 Shop Window Contest

IMPORTANT NOTICE

JOHN BULL'S third great National Shop Window Display Contest proved to be the keenest and most enthusiastic ever. Scores of thousands of shopkeepers throughout the land made their bid for the must-be-won £1,000 prize.

Retailers who have not yet sent in their photographs of their contest displays must do so immediately. ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FOR JUDGING MUST BE RECEIVED NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY, JANUARY 16.

Customers who entered for the £100 Slogan Contest should watch the pages of JOHN BULL for the result, which will be announced soon.

Here are the winning slogans for the past two weeks:—

VALOR OIL STOVES.—*"Off the cold standard with Valor."—Mr. H. A. Tate, Parkside, 10, Southchurch Hall Close, Southend-on-Sea.*

GUINNESS.—*"The 'spot' without a blemish."—Mr. F. R. Sheppard, 3, Wensley Road, Harrogate.*

OXYDOL SOAP POWDER.—*"As Oxydol goes in—the dirt moves out."—Mrs. M. Scott, "Malden Villa," Denton Burn, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

SPILLERS' SHAPES.—*"Spillers' Shapes Shape the Puppies."—Miss D. Barnes, 4, Berry Street, Preston.*

READ THIS AMAZING TRIBUTE TO MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS:

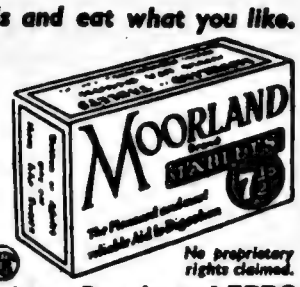
"I feel I must write to say what a wonderful blessing your Moorland Tablets have been to me. I suffered with Gastric Trouble for years and tried all remedies without any benefit, but since taking Moorlands last year I am in the pink of condition. I can eat anything now, sleep well and work and life are now pleasures. I have only Moorlands to thank. I cannot speak too highly of Moorland Brand Tablets."

J. O., Fulham.

Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity, heartburn and kindred troubles of the digestive organs.

Take two Moorland Tablets after meals and eat what you like.

At all chemists: 7½d., 1/3, and Family size 2/6; Moorland Powder 1/3.



MOORLAND
BRAND
INDIGESTION TABLETS

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin to:*

No proprietary rights claimed.

W. B. CARTWRIGHT Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

SELLS

PEACEFUL SLEEP FOR SKIN SUFFERERS

Thousands brought to the verge of nervous breakdown by sleepless nights have been saved by the unrivalled healing power of Cuticura Brand Ointment.

Wash the affected part night and morning with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Brand Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura Ointment penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Not only does it arrest the maddening itch instantly, but it eradicates the most stubborn Eczema, Pruritis, Psoriasis and other torturing skin diseases. The comfort and benefit even from the first application will amaze and delight you.

ITCHING STOPS INSTANTLY

ERUPTIONS HEAL AND DISAPPEAR

Cuticura
PREPARATIONS
For Clear Healthy Skin

Sold by all Chemists & Stores

The 5 Stages of a COUGH!!

WHAT HAPPENS IF YOU NEGLECT IT

Amazing Relief from VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE

If only people realised the danger of neglecting even the slightest Cough they would not delay an instant in taking Venos Lightning Cough Cure. For a Cough can easily develop into serious Chest or Lung trouble—result in years of untold suffering. Don't let this happen to you. Don't be caught without a bottle of Venos in the home. It's a typical case of a "Stitch in time saves Nine." Venos stops Coughs like Lightning, ends Colds, wards off 'Flu and brings ease and comfort to even Chronic Chest Sufferers. Purely herbal—nothing better for children and the aged. A bottle of Venos NOW means a Cough-Free Winter. Sold everywhere.

Cures your Cough or Costs you nothing.

Obtain a bottle of Venos Lightning Cough Cure AT ONCE. If it doesn't stop your cough return the empty carton to Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester and your money will be refunded immediately.

VENOS BRAND **Lightning COUGH CURE**

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, 'Flu. 1½d. 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle

PILES

FOR 25 YEARS. SUFFERING NOW QUITE ENDED.

That is the happy experience of Mr. W. P. S., of Long Eaton, who writes:—"I have been a great sufferer for the past 25 years, and have tried almost every supposed cure for rectal trouble. Some two months ago I had the worst attack I have ever had, being at home from my business for a month. I really thought I had finished my business career for good. I was advised that my only hope was a very severe operation. This I refused to submit to. After using your treatment I am delighted to say that I have never felt better in my life. I am absolutely free from pain, and have just received an acceptance as a first-class life from an Insurance Company (at 54 years of age). You can imagine this is like a new lease of life to me, as I can get about freely and am as active as I was at 30."

M. S. S., of Redmire, writes:—"I wish to thank you for the splendid treatment you sent me some time ago. Previous to receiving same I had suffered for years through itching Piles, and hardly had a night's rest, but now I feel A1 and can sleep and rest in comfort. Your Magic Pile Cure is splendid, and I only wish that I could tell people about it, as I feel sure many are suffering from this awful malady, but most people are shy of mentioning a cure."

With the Magic Brand Three-Fold Treatment no case is too stubborn or too long-standing to be completely and permanently cured. The easy application and wonderful powers of absorption of the Magic Three-Fold Treatment is amazing. It soothes and relieves immediately after the first application and effects a cure in the shortest possible time.

Sufferers from Piles and kindred ailments should write to-day for the Free Trial.

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.N.11, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Help Kidneys

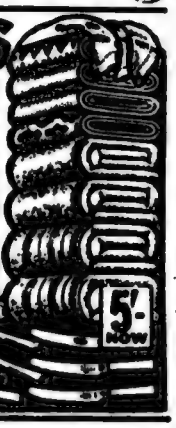
Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

GRAVES

'LUXURY' BARGAIN SALE. Two Super quality All Wool Blankets, 63 x 84in, weight 3lb pr. Two Fleecy Blankets, 60x80in, 4lb pair. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in. 4½lb pair. One Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt, 72 x 84in. Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54x54in. Two Pillow Cases, 20x30. Bolster Case, 20x60in Important—We include a 16-PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE—6 Sheffield Stainless Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, & 6 Tea Spoons. Wear like silver. Catalogue 23 Free. Terms 5/- Monthly.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd., SHEFFIELD



YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

My patient has been taking URACE brand TABLETS as directed, and wishes me to say her Rheumatism has almost gone. She says they are like a tonic F. R——, District Nurse. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

FOR MANY YEARS—MAN & BOY

FREE SEVEN DAY TUBE OF CORO-SHAVE

—THE BETTER BRUSHLESS SHAVE

Would you like a seven-day trial tube of Coro-Shave, the new and better brushless shave? No pain, no "pull." Skin as soft as velvet. Send a 1½d. stamp for postage and packing to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 36), 39 King's Rd., London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.

COS 4-99

PILES

Sufferers from the maddening irritation, the exhausting, agonising pain caused by piles! Do not wait until piles (hæmorrhoids) reach such a terrible state that a serious operation may be necessary. Ask your chemist all about this special remedy. He knows the ingredients from which this inexpensive and scientific remedy is made. He can show you, too, the special applicator fixed to each tube of Man Zan, which makes the use of this soothing, healing unguent so clean and simple.

Man Zan is no ordinary ointment. It is prepared for one purpose only—to end the irritation, allay the inflammation and definitely banish piles. From the very first application you feel the irritation and inflammation ending, and if you will only persevere, never more will you be tortured with the agony of piles.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/- (including special nozzle applicator). Remember the name of this splendid remedy—

ManZan

BRAND

PILE REMEDY

10 agents THE BIG TWO Send direct

BETS BY POST

ACCEPTED FROM

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10 UP TO ANY AMOUNT

WINNINGS BY RETURN

OVER THE STICKS

The same generous terms as for the Flat

DAILY LETTER COMMISSIONS

bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

SEND AT ONCE FOR

ENGLISH CUP

LONG ODDS PRICE LIST

ODDS UP TO 5,000 to 1

EVERY TEAM QUOTED

'CHALLENGER' FIXED-PRICE LISTS

SIX LEAGUES

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED

Please send your Lists. I am over 21.

Name .....
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Address .....

Town .....

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227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

My STRONGEST Superstition

TO the old grey-headed fisher folk, a shout of "Good Luck!" when about to sail spells certain misfortune. A newcomer, I scorned such superstition, and when a loafing youth hailed me from the breakwater with an ironic cry of "Good luck, Gwilliam," I sailed on unperturbed.

Speeding homewards next morning with a splendid catch I chaffed my companions unmercifully concerning their "old wives' tale." But I spoke too soon, for I was involved in a collision when entering the harbour.

Little wonder that I am still uneasy should an innocent bystander on the quayside bid me "Good fishing."—*"Olive Spray," Milford Haven.*

Rendered Unfit

Departing Hawaiian visitors are garlanded with flowers, and legend has it that unless these are thrown into the sea, the voyager will never again see the island.

When the boat aboard which I was wireless operator left, however, I decided to defy the superstition and bring the flowers home. Before reaching New York an explosion occurred, with the result that my right ear-drum was shattered and rendered me unfit for further service.

Now it is highly improbable that I shall ever again behold those Southern Isles of happy memories.—*"Stars and Stripes," Wilts.*

Done Jokingly . . .

A transport worker, I share a horror of one lorry with my workmates. Kept in excellent condition, and of the same make as our other vehicles, this one lorry has been in numerous accidents.

One driver was killed on it only recently; yet logic points to the fact that mechanically it is the equal of almost any upon the road.

So bad is its reputation amongst us that it is customary to wish the driver of this machine a sad farewell before he starts off. It's done jokingly—to hide our really superstitious dread of this vehicle.—*H. E., Warwick.*

Unenviable Task

In thirty years' hunting I must have accounted for a whole regiment of rats. Working alone in big buildings at dead of night is no enviable job, nor is there room for timidity, or superfluous superstition.

Nevertheless, I admit to one belief that it is unwise to kill a white rodent. When, on two occasions, I did so—disaster in the form of a broken limb and blood-poisoning followed.

When a boy, grandad, also a ratcatcher, told me that white rats carry the souls of one-time wrongdoers, and are best left alone. I never risked a third deliberate "kill."—*"Lexicon," West Midlands.*

Second Nature

Though no longer a miner, I still hold the pitman's superstition that if for any reason one has to return home after setting out for work, one must sit down a few moments, so as to make the second departure a separate and distinct journey.

I've no idea how it originated, nor do I know of any authentic cases of disaster resulting from flouting the superstition, yet I take no risks of misfortune.

Perhaps five generations of miners in the family has made it second nature to accept the belief.—*"Timothy," Sunderland.*

Knocked Down

The Lancashire belief that "to take hawthorn blossom indoors means ill-luck" has always been my strongest superstition.

When I was seven years of age I gathered some blossom to take to my schoolmistress, and although my mother seemed to doubt the wisdom of it, she allowed me to place it in a vase in the kitchen.

On the way to school next morning I was knocked down and seriously injured by a car! In later years many strange happenings within the home, including illnesses and accidents to my own children, have resulted from the introduction of hawthorn indoors.—*"Kabeta," Liverpool.*

Supernatural Powers

My strongest superstition has deprived me of the pleasure of owning a dog. These animals, I firmly believe, possess supernatural powers of sensing the approach of death.

One night, several years ago, my grandmother was confined to bed with a slight attack of rheumatism. Suddenly her pet terrier sat back on its haunches, pointed its nose to the low rafters of the house, and howled piteously. Three hours later the old lady was dead.

Since that occasion I have been afraid to keep a dog, in case my happiness should be shattered with a death howl.—*"Terrier," Glasgow.*

Harbinger of Death

Ten years ago my ship was lying off Torreviega, in Spain, when a brown owl came aboard. I captured it, and although my shipmates warned me that the owl meant death, I sheltered it in my cabin.

In the morning the bird was dead, while a week later I learned that my wife and kiddie had been burnt to death in an accident.

Two years ago I found an owl in my garage a few hours before my brother was killed in a crash. To-day, I cling to the superstition that the owl is a harbinger of death.—*A. A., Cardiff.*

Vanquished When—

Hardly a month passes but I receive letters from friends in distant lands. Yet I admit to fear should any envelope contain photographs of the sender, for I am sure I'll never see that person in the flesh again.

Two friends who sent me "snaps" died shortly afterwards, and I've others which worry me.

Some day, unannounced, one of these exiles will walk in, and the ridiculous but very real belief will be vanquished for ever.—*"Alisa," Daybrook.*

Disaster Invited

Every chorus-girl knows that to whistle in the dressing-room is to invite disaster on the stage. So I take very great care not to offend in that way.

One of the oldest stage superstitions, it has always been carefully adhered to, and one cannot fail to be impressed by the seriousness in which tales of failure following its rejection are told by the older performer to newcomers.

For myself, I am confident of its truth, and hold it as my firmest belief in stage lore.—*Miss T., Euston.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, January 14.

My Private Worry

Blinded . . .

To cure my wife's superstition regarding white cats, I bought one, and as it was a fine specimen I allowed my daughter to enter it in a show.

It won a prize, and as she broke the news and chaffed her mother with this direct contradiction of the popular belief, she caught the cat joyfully in her arms. One of its waving paws caught her in her eye, and it was blinded.

White cats now inspire me with an unconquerable, superstitious horror.—*"Wiser," Brighton.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Golden Miller

GOLDEN MILLER is again to be the JOHN BULL selection for the Grand National, and I hope Miss Paget's famous 'chaser will make amends for his fall from grace last year.

At Newbury he appeared to be better than ever, and is now, so far as years are concerned, at his prime.

Nine-year-olds have a fine record in the big 'chase at Aintree. Since 1910 eight of them have won.

Jenkinstown started the ball rolling, followed by the one-eyed Glenside, and that fine 'chaser Jerry M., who won under 12 st. 7 lb. Poethlyn, Music Hall, Double Chance, Jack Horner and Grakle make up the number.

Going further back, at nine years of age Cloister, perhaps the greatest of all 'chasers, won by 40 lengths with 12 st. 7 lb. in the saddle.

Manifesto, too, was nine when he registered his first National victory.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, January 9, to Wednesday, January 15.

B A K X U Z R 98 N 96 G E D V H J
1 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 95QMT94ML would read AVENGER. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 9895YSX2 would read WAUKOO.

"Don't scold him, Mrs. Hardy. He doesn't look well. Are you sure he is not constipated? Whenever a child is cross and peevish, I look at the tongue. If it is coated, or if the breath is disagreeable, I know at once what is wrong. I always give 'California Syrup of Figs.' That moves the bowels in a few hours and cleanses the system.

Children don't understand the importance of regularity. They get absorbed in play and won't trouble. And it is only when they get thoroughly cross and miserable that you realize that they are constipated. I find it saves a world of sickness and worry to give them a regular weekly dose. I would do that if I were you. With a natural fruit laxative like 'California Syrup of Figs' you can't do wrong.

Doctors recommend it and give it to their own children, and we nurses swear by it. Get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' from the chemist and give him a dose at bedtime. He'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning. There are two sizes: 1/3 and 2/6, you'll find the large bottle cheaper in the long run.

Never experiment with cheap and drastic preparations when buying children's laxatives. The safest plan is to do as I do, follow the example of the Doctors and give 'California Syrup of Figs' brand."

California Syrup of Figs
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

Asthma & Bronchitis sufferers can be sure of INSTANT RELIEF by inhaling POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Why suffer paroxysms of coughing, feelings of suffocation, tightness across the chest and frantic struggles for breath when by simply inhaling the pleasant fumes of Potter's Asthma Cure you can get instant relief. You will be astonished at its wonderfully soothing and calming influence.

See that you always have a tin of Potter's in the home. It is equally beneficial for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever and other lung and chest troubles. Free from opiates. Does not cause headache as do other so-called remedies and cannot injure the general health in any way. Don't forget it is POTTER'S you require—it is the one remedy that will give you the relief you need.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free, 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

All outdoor workers should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. They are specially recommended to those subject to Asthma or Bronchitis who, by their work, are compelled to be out and about in all weathers, especially fog. Always carry a supply as their continued use tends both to prevent and break the force of future attacks. Chemists and Stores everywhere sell them.

WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP and other chest complaints of children.

Parents distressed by the sight of the suffering of their children, feel the urgent need for a remedy which will at once give relief and be absolutely free from harmful or dangerous drugs. That exactly describes Potter's Asthma Cure, the remedy with more than half a century's reputation.

Not only is it good for Asthma, but just as beneficial in Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis and other bronchial diseases of children. The burning of Potter's Asthma Cure in the bedroom of all children suffering from the diseases above mentioned is strongly recommended. In such cases it acts like a charm and prevents those distressing paroxysms of coughing and enables the patient to obtain restful sleep, which is so necessary. The strength is thus kept up, exhaustion avoided and a complete restoration to health is hastened.

It is just as safe and valuable for children as adults and all that is necessary is to place a small teaspoonful of the powder on a plate, ignite it and allow the fumes to pervade the room.

Try This New WATERPROOF "Beauty" Powder

MAKE THIS AMAZING TEST

Poudre Tokalon ends 'skin shine' because it contains a marvellous new ingredient called Double Mousse (patent process). Prove it for yourself by this simple test. Cover one finger with the new Tokalon Matt Finish Powder, then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out and notice your finger is not wet and shiny but *perfectly dry and 'matt'*. The powder resists moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse'. That is why Poudre Tokalon stays on for 8 hours. You can dance all evening in a hot room and have a complexion as fresh and lovely as when you began. The Tokalon new Matt Finish Powder is not affected by wind, rain or perspiration. It is guaranteed to do away with shiny noses for ever. 6d. and 1/- a box.

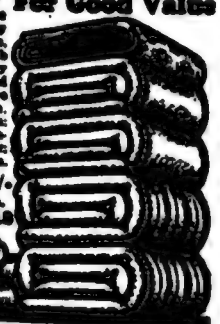
ENGINEERS! ARE YOU EARNING LESS THAN £10 PER WEEK?

If so, you cannot afford to carry on without reading our 268-page Handbook. The book explains clearly and definitely many ways of carving out a successful career. Among other things, it explains the Services of our unique Appointments Department, outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, Motor, Aero, Wireless, Television, "Talkie," Eng., Building, etc., and gives details of B.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.A.E., A.M.I.W.T., A.M.I.R.E., G.P.O., Matric., and all Exams. We Guarantee—"No Pass No Fee." Whether you be an old hand or a budding apprentice, get this book to-day—FREE and POST FREE.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY,
56, Shakespeare House,
17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

GRAVES' Fine Quality Sale Beats the World For Good Value

Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with Blue borders, whipped ends 68 x 82in. 7¼lb pair. Two All White Luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x80in, 4lb pr. Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in. Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in. 4½lb pair. One Alhambra Quilt, 72x84in. Complete. Carriage Paid. 3/6 Now, 268 Showing. **42/-**
Drapery Catalogue Free.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



3/6 NOW

COLD WEATHER COMING

Give it a 'warm welcome' with

1D PER PKT
3D PER TIN
NIPITS
VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Nothing Equals MUSTEROLE BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT FOR RHEUMATISM

The "deep healing" of this pure, stainless ointment never fails. Its glowing warmth penetrates deep down beneath the skin, soothes the inflammation, draws out the pain. Better than a mustard plaster—it will not burn or blister. Don't suffer a day longer. Get a jar from your chemist today. Costs 2/6d. but is very economical as owing to its great penetrating power you use very little at a time. Once you have tried it you will never be without it. It is a regular "family friend."

A Redhill, Surrey, user says:—

"I was taken suddenly with a very acute pain right down my left leg and was unable to walk. After finding out it was acute Rheumatism, I tried several remedies, but without any real result. I went to my local chemist, and he recommended to me your Ointment. I applied it as soon as I got home after walking in misery, and after two hours the pain had nearly gone and now after a week's use of it I am completely cured."

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment gives certain relief in cases of CHEST COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, CONGESTION, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, ACHES AND PAINS IN BACK, STIFF MUSCLES, etc. Has saved thousands from PNEUMONIA after 'FLU and COLDS.

Thos. Christy & Co. Ltd., 4 Old Swan Lane, E.C.4.

for RHEUMATIC TROUBLES

After all there's nothing like Sloans for soothing away torturing aches and pains. No rubbing required — Sloans penetrates and kills pain.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores. Sloans Brand Liniment. 1/9 per bottle. Get a bottle to-day.

USE **SLOANS**

'JOHN BULL' OFFERS A FORTUNE AND 3,622 OTHER 'APT-WORDS' PRIZES

Build on it and add two and win

£500 FIRST PRIZE

£750 MUST BE WON

SECOND PRIZE £50

THIRD PRIZE £25

20 PRIZES OF £3

100 PRIZES OF 10/-

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

3,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

ONE WEEK ONLY

CLOSING SAT. JAN. 18

THIS WAY TO A BIG SUCCESS

WHILST you are awaiting next week's great competition surprise, mentioned on this page, see that you take advantage of this fine cash offer of prizes totalling £750 for sparkling *Apt-words*. But you have no time to lose if you mean to figure amongst the 3,623 winners in this one-week Contest.

Think how different this New Year would be for you and yours if that fortune of £500 had arrived for you as the sender of this week's best *Apt-word!* What a reward for building up one simple word and adding two more as described in the simple instructions given below.

You can see for yourself, from a study of the prize-winning *Apt-words* in the result printed on the right, that you can well be the happy winner of a similar fortune. There is nothing obscure or complicated about these efforts. They consist of apt and original comments on the chosen *Examples*, expressed in simple, everyday words, such as you might have written yourself.

That fine First Prize, however, is only one of the reasons why you must start on your *Apt-words* by tackling those interesting *Example* squares at once, for you have no fewer than 3,622 further opportunities of scoring a success in this Competition.

Now read on, and take the road to success.

BUILD AN "EXAMPLE"—ADD TWO WORDS

YOUR first step in making an *Apt-word* is as simple as it is interesting. Build up in any of the *Example* squares provided a word which appeals to you as a good foundation for some neat and original comment.

You will be wise to examine closely each line of squares, beginning by jotting down against each a series of one-word *Examples* which it enables you to use.

Having thus collected some promising *Examples*, jot down against each the various ideas it suggests to your mind. Next you must develop each idea into an *Apt-word*, remembering that you are limited to TWO WORDS ONLY and that the initial letter of each of your two words MUST be taken from letters in the *Example* used.

In which order those initial letters figure in the *Example* word does not matter. But bear in mind that the same letter may not be used twice unless it is found twice in *Example*. Hyphened words in common usage are permitted. Coined words barred.

Here are three specimen *Apt-words* based on the word NOVICE, one of the *Example* words which could be constructed in the first set of squares:

Novice—Once, Champion.
Novice—Vocalist—Crooning!
Novice—Earning "Cheers."

For further guidance you have the winning efforts on this page; get busy and win your way into the long list of successful competitors!

ENTRY FEE	1 COUPON	P.O.	6d.
	2 COUPONS	P.O.	1s. 0d.
	3 COUPONS	P.O.	1s. 6d.
	4 COUPONS	P.O.	2s. 0d.

Postal Order must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of Postal Order.

N	O		I	C	E	
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D	O					
S		A	T	T	E	R S
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	A		T	S		
G		A	S			
		L	L	E	D	

GREAT NEWS FOR YOU NEXT WEEK

RESULT OF "APT-WORDS" COMPETITION No. 5.

FIRST PRIZE, £500.

L. WELLS, 83, Wellington Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

Example—Wars
Apt-word—Willy-nilly? Silly!

SECOND PRIZE £50.

Miss E. BOVILLE, 1, Dudley Road, New Brighton.
Example—Dish
Apt-word—Dyspeptic Sceptic.

THIRD PRIZE £25.

G. H. WAY, A3, Room, "A" Company, R.H. Barracks, Chatham.
Example—Married
Apt-word—Motto, "Ditto!"

2 Prizes of £5 each.

A. NORMAN, 24, Oakmount Avenue, Southampton.
Rouses—Star-gazer, "Eclipse."
B. SHARLEY, 47, Chadwick Road, Nottingham.
Married—"Intoxication" Ended.

2 Prizes of £4 each.

Mrs. N. DENNY, 7, Lichfield Street, Pendleton, Salford, Lancs.
Story—Ring—"String."
O. H. PAULSEN, 201, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool.
Rouses—Slums, "Slumming."

2 Prizes of £3 each.

Mrs. R. MILLARD, 169, Aubrey Road, Birmingham.
Story—"Speechless" Tell.
W. REED, 26, William Street, Mount Pleasant, Sprennymoor.
Sword—Descended—"Rise——"

10 Prizes of £2 each.

Mrs. M. ABBOT, 22, Island Wall, Whitstable, Kent.
Fish—*Stories*, "Indigestible."
D. ASPINALL, 7, Fold Street, Heywood, Lancs.
Rash—Agitator—Snow-fall.
Mrs. G. S. HARRIS, 1, Birmingham New Road, Tividale, Tipton, Staffs.
Bars—"Rice", Avarice.
Rev. J. LUPTON, Dromcontine College, Newry, Co. Down.
Cash—"Competence"-Secured.
Mrs. C. C. MACDONALD, Knowle Cottage, Knowle Hill, Virginia Water, Surrey.
Rush—Harem—Rodent.
I. J. MINCHIN, 21, Malcolm Grove, Greenlands Road Redcar.
Sword—Whetted—Regretted.
C. OLIVER, 7, Cambridge Road, Choppington, Northumberland.
Snort—Taxpayer's "Relief."
C. H. PAUL, 8, Woodlands Road, Romford, Essex.
Gush—Suburban Urbanity.
Mrs. SHANOCK, "Fernside," Highcliffe, Hants.
Mars—Marching—"Shambles."
K. WYNN, 26, Acton Gardens, Acton, Wrexham.
Rouses—"Storm," Oil.

A List of 50 Hampers and 200 2/6 winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

YOUR CHOSEN WORD HERE	ADD TWO WORDS TO COMPLETE "APT-WORD"
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD
EXAMPLE	APT-WORD

APT-WORDS No. 8 CLOSING SAT., JANUARY 18.
I agree to all rules of this competition announced on "Bullets" page and enclose
P.O. No.....
Signed .....
Address.....
J.B.....

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Signed .....
Address.....
J.B.....

Address entry to JOHN BULL "APT-WORDS" No. 8, 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

H.M. (Ashford): "I dislike my dentist." Does he get on your nerves?

CUTHBERT (Barnes).—"My friends want me to take up boxing, but I refused." Your inclinations don't lie that way?

B. N. (Mayfair).—"I can make a good cocktail very quickly indeed." In a couple of shakes, as it were.

K. F. (Harrow).—"The man with push will get a place anywhere." Not in a tug-of-war team, surely!

A. H. (Rutherglen).—"When I was a boy I was very clever." Yes, but those days are past.

S. L. (Wrexham).—"You and I would make a great combination—brains and nerve." Yes, you've got plenty of nerve.

O. D. (Bury).—"My coal merchant is getting lazy and neglecting his business." So we suppose you are getting slack, too.

DOCTOR (Bradford).—"People under an anæsthetic often laugh." That's unconscious humour.

D. L. (Dunstable).—"A locksmith's is not a healthy life." Yet he makes his living out of doors.

POET (Campsie Glen).—"To live in the country one has to have a soul." Or a car.

C. L. (Droylesden).—"He expects me to pay him £200 for a small piece of land." Isn't that a lot?

MOUNTAINEER (London, W.).—"I ascended a rocky track that only goats can climb." That's frank, anyhow.

D. S. (Ashford).—"Babies are expensive luxuries." True. The stork has a long bill.

D. W. (Deal).—"Cold weather discourages conversation." But the teeth chatter.

SEVENTY-ODD (Taunton).—"Forty-four years ago, at a country fair, I indirectly asked my wife to marry me." You went about it in a roundabout way, then?

M. B. (Ely).—"I have just patented a noiseless watch for putting under one's pillow at night." But, no doubt, housewives will still prefer the good old-fashioned bed-ticking.

TRADESMAN (Frome).—"No shopkeeper can afford to have the public sniffing at his goods." Except the vendors of snuff and smelling-salts.

CONSIDERATE FATHER (Leeds).—"I have written a letter of complaint about the amount of homework my son does." Just as a change from the teacher doing so?

STUDENT (Hatfield).—"The only sum I got wrong in the exam. was a mathematical problem concerning the length of a piece of string." That tripped you up.

D. J. (Aldershot).—"To the normal man drilling is not by any means a trial." Particularly if the tooth is the other fellow's.

G. L. (Brighton).—"The last putt of an important golf match is a nerve-racking ordeal." You mean you get that sinking feeling?

ELECTRICIAN (Watford).—"It is possible to get a severe shock from the ordinary housing circuit." Especially when the bill comes in.

E. W. (Wembley).—"The head of the Victorian house commenced the meal by saying Grace." To-day he is more likely to say "Tinned stuff again!"

D. S. (Clacton).—"One hears less of wireless pirates nowadays." Few people flaunt their defiance of the law by flying the Jolly Roger on the aerials of their unlicensed sets.

D. K. (Hastings).—"Some house-to-house canvassers always seem to be asking for trouble." Yes, when the door is opened they often put their foot in it at once.

TRAVELLER (London, W.).—"A geyser in New Zealand spouts out tepid water of a reddish hue and occasionally emits clouds of steam accompanied by alarming rumbles." How like our bathroom fixture!

SPORT (Camberwell).—"Few people with sense have any time for the footballer who is always pretending he has been tripped up." Well, he appeals to the referee.

E. A. (Atherstone).—"Some women are trying to popularise the hobble-skirt once again." But they can't be making very big strides.

M. D. T. (Aberdare).—"I've just read in a newspaper about the discovery of a secret illicit still." Apparently it is not a secret still.

R. T. (Manchester).—"How can I prevent the hotel stairs creaking when I get back in the early hours of the morning?" Use the lift.

B. D. (Falmouth).—"The average married woman has the most treacherous memory in the world." Yes, she is apt to remember everything.

TED (Shrewsbury).—"My parents wanted me to be a solicitor, but I refused, as it was my ambition to be an architect." You had other plans.

N. L. (Leyton).—"My neighbour was playing a trombone to the public annoyance." We didn't know there was any other way of playing it.

FRANK B. (Eastbourne).—"Without a moment's hesitation she glanced at my palm and astounded me by her knowledge." Quite off-hand!

HEALTHY (Sawtry).—"A draught never did anybody any harm." Except an overdraft.

L. T. (Waddon).—"What is there in a fountain pen that makes people write a lot of rot to the Press?" Ink.

FREDDY (Bromley).—"No boy should be punished for something he hasn't done." Unless, of course, it's his lessons.

T. S. (Fowey).—"My neighbour said he took the hen for a lark." He should take lessons in natural history.

TRAINER (Glasgow).—"I carry a flask of brandy at every match in case it is needed." The team spirit.

F. T. J. (London, E.).—"No man can be happy at his work if the men above him are continually pulling him up." What about a deep-sea diver?

R. P. (Perth).—"I was quite speechless the first time I stood up in front of the microphone at the reunion dinner." Still, being able to stand up was something.

E. P. (London, W.).—"Thousands of spiders hibernate in the tunnels of the Underground railway." Now we know where flies do not go in the winter-time.

GARDENER (Worksop).—"As my neighbour is suffering from rheumatism I have dug his garden for him." That's a good turn.

J. S. G. (Dumbarton).—"I send you a poem by myself and one by my six-year-old son." Yes, but you haven't marked which is which.

SALES (Edinburgh).—"Of the four new travellers with our firm, the onl one who has made the job his own is a man named Trench." He has dug himself in, eh?

THE KID

AMBITIOUS (Alnwick).—"Where does a young fellow get if he goes abroad?" Abroad, of course.

P. D. (Bootle).—"My wife worries so much about dress that she's aging." It's a wearing problem.

ROBERT A. (Dundee).—"What is the most necessary thing to have with you on a flight to Australia?" An aeroplane.

AUCTIONEER (Clapham).—"My cure for insomnia is to imagine that I am attending an auction held by one of my rivals." And you soon begin to nod?

MUSCULAR (Rottingdean).—"I keep fit by standing each day in one position and swinging a club for a whole hour." We do a bit of golfing, too.

HIRAM K. (New York).—"I'd show the British Customs official who ordered me to open my trunks!" But that's exactly what he'd want you to do.

W. P. (Gravesend).—"What earthly good is a shirt when the laundry has finished with it?" It might pass for a lace-curtain.

S. B. (Kensington).—"It is rather surprising the number of people who cannot play bridge." But you must give them credit for trying.

T. F. (Bournemouth).—"Most bank officials take an enormous amount of interest in their work." Much more than they give, we hope!

C. R. (Hereford).—"The globe broke because there was a hole in the mantle. To replace it cost me 7s. 6d." That made a hole in your money.

TEC (Scotland Yard).—"I sat down at midnight to study the facts of the case, and not till the dawn did I see daylight." That's natural.

ECONOMIST (London, E.C.2).—"What is the chief thing responsible for bringing progress to a stop at the present time?" Traffic lights showing "Red."

W. S. M. (Newcastle).—"Is there anything more painful than seeing one's wife for ever knitting?" Yes, holding out one's arms while she winds her wool.

A. L. (Croydon).—"I left my water-wagon outside a public-house and a lorry ran into it." But you were not on the water-wagon at the time, of course.

D. B. (Bury).—"My husband's job is making permanent dyes for dress fabrics." He's a fast worker, in other words?

BUILDER (Midlands).—"My wife cannot agree with me on a name for our little son. Can you suggest one?" Jerry!

LAMPLIGHTER (Manchester).—"I am now under notice just because I had a glass too many and forgot to switch on four lamps." You got lit up instead.

ELOCUTIONIST (Ealing).—"A well-known author has asked me to recite a poem which he has written for me specially. What should I do?" It's for you to say.

P. F. D. (Heanor).—"The car took the turning on two wheels and then went clean into a ditch." We bet you didn't come clean out of it though.

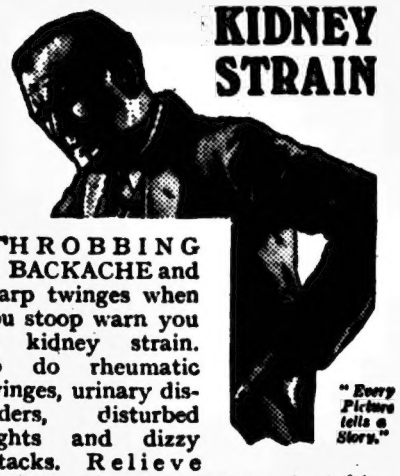
J. F. C. (Hampstead).—"I have been listening to the same radio every evening for ten years." You'll have the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Neighbours after you; win one of those fifty fine modern instruments offered on page 43 and even crooning will sound lovely!

T. L. (Yatton).—"A football club directorate, if it is wise, lets the spectators feel that they are considered in the matter of accommodation." So they're not left out in the cold.

O. G. B. (Liverpool).—"We bachelors formed a deputation and marched to see the speaker who had been attacking men who don't marry." And, of course, you went in single file?

T. S. (Derby).—"I have been asked in general conversation what is the quickest way to make sawdust, and I'm afraid I don't know." Use your head, man, use your head!

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



KIDNEY STRAIN

"Every Picture tells a Story."

THROBBING BACKACHE and sharp twinges when you stoop warn you of kidney strain. So do rheumatic twinges, urinary disorders, disturbed nights and dizzy attacks. Relieve these troubles at their source by taking Doans Backache Kidney Pills. For fifty years this special kidney medicine has been overcoming rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica and bladder weakness.

Hard to keep going.

Mr. W. Hancocks, 102, Reynoldson Street, Hull, says:—"All the strength seemed to leave my back. The least movement brought on terrible rheumatic pains across the lower part. I could get no ease night or day. The kidney excretions were out of order.

"I was afraid I should have to give up, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills saved me from this. After I had been bad for months they rid me of kidney disorder. (*Signed*) W. Hancocks."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

Doans Backache Kidney Pills

BEFORE BREAKFAST

Get the Mackenzie daily health habit. Keep a bottle in your Bathroom. Use on rising and at bed-time and keep FIT. Price 1'6 Also in handbag size, with screw top, 1'3. Sold everywhere.

& BEFORE BED

For Colds, Influenza, Catarrh, Headache, etc.

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

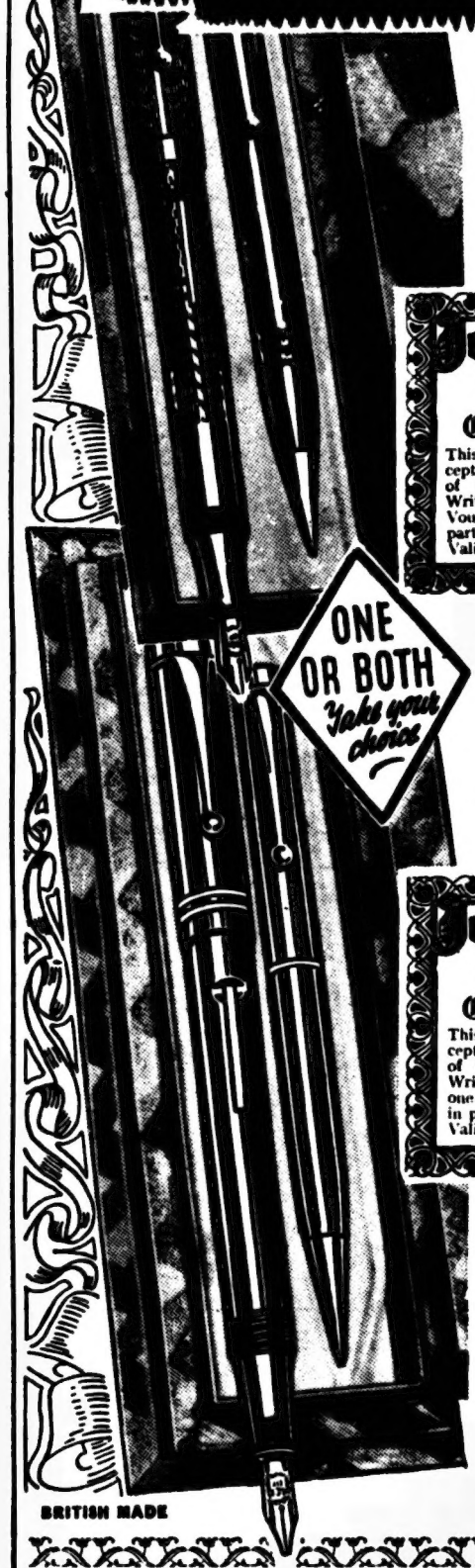
Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

FOG

gets into your throat. Put your voice right with VICK LOZENGES 6d

DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

JOHN BULL'S *New Year Gift* TO YOU



A FREE GIFT VOUCHER VALUE 2/9 which will be accepted as cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 magnificent all-British Writing Set, and—
A FREE GIFT VOUCHER VALUE 7/6 which will be accepted as cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set de luxe.
Your Gift Vouchers are below. Choose your gift or gifts, attach one or both to the Coupon at the bottom of the page and post at once.

WHAT A READER SAYS.

"For satisfaction, durability, and workmanship, a 'John Bull' Pen is ideal. There is real joy in recommending this Pen."
A. C. Cheddleton, Leek, Staffs.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher
VALUE 2/9
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until January 31, 1936.
No. A/69669

ONE OR BOTH *Take your choice*

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The handsome chasing of the black vulcanite Pen, latest lever self-filling device and 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped, all indicate the outstanding quality of this set. The "Everpointed" Pencil fitted with propel, repel and expel movement, rubber, pocket clip, and extra leads, matches the pen to perfection. A handsome Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

WRITTEN 2-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET.

John Bull New Year Gift Voucher
VALUE 7/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until January 31, 1936.
No. B/69669

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Handsomely finished in glossy black and beautifully streamlined, this Set is indeed a luxurious gift. Two inlaid 18-ct. rolled-gold bands encircle the pen, which is made of an entirely new material of remarkable durability—it is guaranteed unbreakable. The pen has a sunk lever self-filling device, and the pocket clip to match accentuates the lustrous finish. The extra heavy 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB has costly iridium tip of velvety smoothness. The handsome "Everpointed" Pencil to match has pocket clip, rubber and extra leads, and is fitted with propel, repel and expel movement. It also has an 18-ct. rolled gold band. A decorative Golden satin-lined Casket sets off this magnificent Gift.

BRITISH MADE

WRITTEN 5-YEAR GUARANTEE WITH EACH SET

"John Bull's" New Year Gift Coupon.

To "John Bull," Pen Dept., 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2 9, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

Or

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 7/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage & Insurance, making 5/3 in all.

(1) Fine. Medium. Broad. — Cross out grades of nib NOT required. — (2) Fine. Medium Broad.

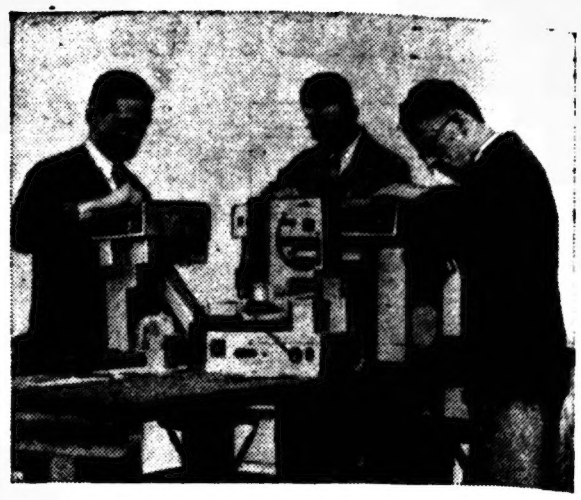
If you desire BOTH SETS send the two Vouchers and a Postal Order for 8/- only.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....
.....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Cross Cheque or Postal Order / & Co. / and make payable to "John Bull." J.B., 11/1/36.

DID NOAH DESIGN YOUR RADIO?



They're busy where this week's "Bullets" Receivers are being made

BROADCASTING HOUSE sends out its programmes with the aid of all that is latest and best in radio transmitting apparatus. And broadcasting companies of many countries send their experts to study its efficiency.

Fortunately for Britain's reputation in Radio, our visitors do not inspect the equipment at the listener's end. They would find that more than half the Radio Sets working in this country to-day are hopelessly out of date!

Is yours one of the hoarse old veterans, often providing a variety of programmes simultaneously and relapsing at odd moments into imitations of the lions at feeding time?

* * *

Such sets give entertainment of a kind, just as the 30-year-old car can somehow get you from London to Brighton.

But listen to Radio as it comes to you through one of the instruments such as you see being assembled on this page. You will be thrilled by the vivid realism of the voices, by the uncanny impression that the violinist is playing just to you alone, by the feeling that Radio has suddenly come to life for you.

To-night we could take you to hundreds of homes in which, thanks to the arrival of a modern *Bullets* Radio, a switch lifts the curtain for an evening's entertainment that is heard as perfectly as from the King's own instrument.

For instance, let us recall the words of Mr. O. V. Charles, Longney, near Gloucester, when a *Bullet* brought him a radio from the firm now busy on this week's big batch of similar instruments.

"This is being written," he said, "to the strains of glorious music provided by my wonderful Radio Set. We are all absolutely delighted with it."

* * *

From 56, Sherbrooke Road, Fulham, came a tribute just as enthusiastic. "Tip-top indeed, and smart in appearance!" was the verdict of Mr. C. F. Smith when he had unpacked and switched on his magnificent receiver.

* * *

To Mr. and Mrs. E. Coleman, in their home at Penquit, Ermington, Devon, one of these *Bullets* Radios has proved its excellence just as emphatically.

"My husband and I are more than delighted," we are told by Mrs. Coleman. "And our friends, when they come to hear it, do not want to leave!"

* * *

Wales is a place where good music never goes unappreciated. And to 3, Vivian Terrace, Aberavon, Port Talbot, Mr. W. D. Lewis, we sent a Radio which made nightly attendance at the Continent's best concerts possible for this "Bulleteer."

"Stations roll in as if by magic," he said. "The tone is perfect and volume enough for the very deaf, yet it can be toned down to suit the most sensitive ear."

* * *

Even as our artist was busy on this week's display of big cash prizes and 50 Radio opportunities, a letter came in from Mr. B. Gurd, Lea Green, Downton, Lymington, Hants.

"It is a year ago," this winner recalled, "since I had my supreme *Bullets* thrill—unpacking and operating my Radio. Since that day we have enjoyed twelve months of glorious entertainment."

* * *

If yours is a home in which the wonders of radio are not yet known, or if the less said about your set the better, see that you switch over this evening to those *Examples* on the opposite page. From one of them may spring a bright idea. From that may come a good *Bullet*. And from the *Bullet*, if entered within the next few days, may come any of this week's 50 big Cash-plus-Radio prizes.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,300 AWARDED THIS WEEK!

First Prize, £500, Competition No. 1,010:
C. PARRATT, 33, Oxenholme Crescent, Liverpool.

Example: WORSE OFF
Bullet: "SURROUND" Us—"RELIEVE" *Them.*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

P. L. BUTLER, 123, Mansfield Road, Hampstead, N.W.
Example: All Her Life
Bullet: Self-centred, Till "Elf" Entered.

THIRD PRIZE, £40:

H. CASS, 37, Day Street, Hull.
Example: Late Again
Bullet: Village Brigade—All "Bosses"!

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: Mrs. E. CHRISTIAN, 70, Eglinton Road, Ardrossan, Ayrshire.
In Spite Of Everything—Life "Denies"—Life, "Gift."

£25: J. E. HODSMAN, 12, Elgin Road, Bournemouth.
Britain's Best—Bulwark, "Bull" At Work.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£20: H. CROWTHER, 20, School Street, Wombwell, near Barnsley.
Thirst—For Happiness? Feed Hungry!

£18: E. E. SANDERS, 1, Glenmount Road, Mytchett, Surrey.
Office Pantomime—Ended—"Aladdin" Rubbing *Lump*.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£16: W. WINFIELD, 72, Walmgate, York.
Straight To The Point—Ambulance Guides Italian Bomber.

£14: H. WRIGHT, 42, Oakland Avenue, West Hartlepool.
All Her Life—"Dead," Keeping Death-bed Promise.

£12: F. A. DORMAN, 4, North Street, Wilton, Salisbury.
Pride Of Our Suburb—All "Landlords"—No Pubs.

£10: Mrs. E. HARDCASTLE, 23, Ash Grove, Bingley, Yorks.
Up In Arms—Youth—Age "Nursing" Jobs.

£9 10s.: A. L. ROBSON, Nations Hill Stores, Kingsworthy, Hants.
Mighty Effort—Mine, "Keeping Scuttle Full."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£9: L. BALCH, "Rodmersham," Anlaby Common, Hull.
Old Skinflint—Creed, Grab—Greed Crabbed.

£8 10s.: Mrs. M. RENWICK, 172, York Road, West Hartlepool.
Baby Next Door—"Lobster" Causing *Our* Insomnia.

£8: H. HATHER, 13, Harrowden Road, Doncaster.
Late Again—Can't See Unemployment "Yawning."

£7 10s.: H. BOTT, 12, Worcester Road, Redditch, Worcs.
Finishing Touch—Finishing Fox, Finished Me!

£7: W. CLARK, 5, Tudor Street, Thurnscoe East Rotherham
Baby Next Door—Another "Neighbour" "Never "Nodding."

£6 10s.: S. DAY, 91, Rowheath Road, King's Norton, Birmingham.
At The Sale—"I *Tore* It First!"
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£6: R. BELL, 76, Breedon Street, Long Eaton, Notts.
At The Sale—"Athletes," Or No "Prizes."

£5 10s.: S. F. RICHES, 70, Kenwood Gardens, Ilford, Essex.
Mighty Effort — Even Alarm's Going "Br-r-r-r-r!"

A list of 10 £5, 20 £2 10s., 50 £2 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull." Each winner of £2 and over in this Contest has also received a Bonus award value over £2 10s.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN DESPATCHED.

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,400 IN 'BULLETS' FINE CASH plus RADIO OFFER
HUGE 2nd PRIZE
£600
plus RADIO PENSION
Winner will be invited to choose any Radio up to £10 value at once—and fresh £10 instrument every two years for life.
£50 plus RADIO
£25 plus RADIO
£20 plus RADIO
£18 plus RADIO
£16 plus RADIO
£14 plus RADIO
£12 plus RADIO
£10 plus RADIO
£9 plus RADIO
£8 plus RADIO
£7 plus RADIO
£6 plus RADIO
2 - £5 plus RADIO
3 - £4 plus RADIO
3 - £3 plus RADIO
3 - £2 plus RADIO
50 "ULTRA 66" 4-valve all-mains RADIO SETS
Suitable instruments available for mains having A.C. or D.C. current—or no electricity supply. Value £8.19.6 A.C. Model. One with each prize of £2 or more this week.
HURRY—Only 50 BIG OPPORTUNITIES·YOURS TILL SAT JAN 18

OVER 50 CASH-PLUS-RADIO WINNERS WANTED AT ONCE

"MORE Radio, please!" is the constant demand of *Bullets* competitors—and 50 more Radios of a type that is certain to please is JOHN BULL's practical answer this week.

To the melody provided by those elegant and efficient instruments illustrated above, there is added the jingle of cash, for each of the 50 Receivers awaiting "Bulleteers" is accompanied by a cheque from Long Acre.

Think of the satisfaction of receiving for a few well-chosen words a cheque for any of various sums from £2 to £600—and of later unpacking and installing in your home an "Ultra" 4-valve Radio Set!

But an even greater thrill may be yours as a result of an entry made within the next few days. Friday, January 31, may bring a golden Joy Wire, declaring you the First Prize-winner of £600 cash, plus any Radio up to £10 in value at once and a new £10 instrument every two years as long as you live!

THE WAY TO WIN

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, examine each *Example* carefully and select, say, three or four which specially appeal to you.

Next, concentrate on each of your chosen *Examples* in turn, viewing it from every promising angle and jotting down all ideas which occur to you. Then set to work on compressing each idea into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, linked closely with the *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you select the *Example* OVER THE COALS. Turning to a topic of the moment, you might well jot down against it the rough idea, *Call Mineowners, To Prevent Trouble.* A little more thought and you could readily condense and improve this into the finished *Bullet*, OVER THE COALS—MINEOWNERS—OR NO COALS!

To help you further, study the winning efforts on the previous page. Then get busy on some *Bullets* of your own—and see that they are entered by Saturday, January 18.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S DOING
PRICE OF PEACE
ROMAN EAGLE
THE HERO SMILED AND
FULL OF FIGHT
IN LIFE'S WORKSHOP
THE ONLOOKER
HEARD IN THE QUEUE
"WHAT A LIFE!"
AUNTIE AND THE CURATE
INSIDE
READY TO POUNCE
DOCTOR NATURE
MAN WHO MEANS BUSINESS
SIGNING HIS NAME
ABOUT THE HOUSE
SONNY'S SISTER
FACING DISASTER
HE'S AN ACTOR, SO
MAKING HIMSELF USEFUL
CLEAN
WHEN SANDY PROPOSED
GETTING THE WORST OF IT
HARVEST OF THE SEA
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS AND
ROUSED THE WORLD
MONEY'S USEFUL, BUT
OVER THE COALS
SPLITTING
BOLD CHALLENGE
FIRED WITH ENTHUSIASM
MOTHER'S WAY
SWEET MUSIC
FIRES OF HATRED
CRACK OF THE WHIP
LIKE A TIGRESS

READ THESE RULES COVERING "BULLETS" AND "APT-WORDS."

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best effort received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every effort received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL (if for "Bullets") or Odhams Press Ltd. (if for "Apt-words") and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,014 usually purchase "John Bull."

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with TWO BIG PRIZE COMPETITIONS! USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertisers' coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" or enter further "Bullets" on plain paper.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,014) Closing SAT., Jan. 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

"BULLETS" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,014) Closing SAT., Jan. 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,014) Closing SAT., Jan. 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,014) Closing SAT., Jan. 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Enter name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

(1,014) Closing SAT., Jan. 18. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,014, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp).

Don't let LEG TROUBLES CRIPPLE *YOU!*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

"Oh! My Poor Legs."

"For years it was misery for me to walk, my legs and insteps would swell and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto and . . ."

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical:* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"I had suffered for years with a weak heart but Elasto cured me."
"It put me on my feet."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
"Lumbago cured after three 3 years of suffering. Aged 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better." Etc.

Beware of Imitations!

"I can now Walk for Miles."

". . . . after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful."

Mrs. L—— S——

Post Your Coupon for FREE SAMPLE

For All "John Bull" Readers!

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Not Magic— Just Logic!

Elasto corrects all Circulatory Disorders because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever. The tiny tablets dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood!

This Wonderful BIOLOGICAL REMEDY Will Save You POUNDS!

Not a Drug—but a Vital Cell-Food.

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood.* Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissues needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; *the real basis of sound health.*

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort, and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increased vitality and bringing into full activity *Nature's own laws of healing.* It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. You will be amazed at the marvellous effectiveness of this pleasant, easy remedy; no fuss, no trouble; just glorious relief. And remember, *Elasto is not expensive.* For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantage of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Poor Blood, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—Or send 5s. for a whole month's supply (in plain wrapper), and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Treatment makes!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

The Great Blood Revitaliser

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please print in Capital Letters.)

ADDRESS .....

"John Bull," 11/1/36. .....

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!

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